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The New Statesman and Nation, November 28, 1931.

University Supplement

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. II. No. 40 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1931 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

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THE Manchurian struggle drags on. There has been some heavy fighting and many petty alarms and excursions. A body of foreign officers—British, French and American—is on the spot, investigating the Chinese military preparations. And the League Council in Paris is talking of a more weighty neutral commission of inquiry. Neither the Japanese nor the Chinese Government raises objection to this in principle. But both make conditions, both stand fast on their rights. The Council argues with the parties and without them; Notes pass backwards and forwards; proposals and counterproposals are wrangled over day by day. And the fundamental issue, as everyone knows, remains the same. Is Japan to be allowed to maintain her occupation of the Chinese territory that she has seized in violation of the Covenant and of the Kellogg Pact—or, to put the same thing in another way, is she to be allowed to make her own terms for withdrawal?

* * *

If Japan were Ruritania, there would be little doubt of the answer. But Japan is a first-class Power, and China is not. The true reason why the other Powers, great and small, which are represented on the Council of the League, are vacillating and fumbling is that they have never had the courage of their convictions. They are afraid of Japan, and of the consequences of insisting on her honouring her pledges. That, stripped of all its careful phrasing, is the meaning of Sir John Simon's statement in the House of Commons on Wednesday. That is the meaning of Reuter's message from Washington to the effect that Mr. Stimson is convinced that "the withdrawal of Japanese troops from many points would result in chaos." Probably, now that the situation is what it is, Mr. Stimson is right. The audacity and obstinacy of the Japanese militarists have gone far towards establishing the principle that might is right. They have set a dangerous precedent. It is pretty clear that the harm which has been done cannot now be wholly undone. But it is still possible that the enlargement of the war may be prevented, and that some compromise may be found to satisfy the legitimate demands of the disputants and to save the face of the League. The only gleam of hope at the moment is the possibility—about which Sir John Simon spoke cheerfully on Wednesday—

that Japan and China will both accept the proposed commission of inquiry.

* * *

It has been clear for some days that the real object of the Government is to close the Round Table Conference as early as possible, and prevent all discussion of those subjects, such as "safeguards," in which Indian and British interests are likely to clash. If they had had their way the financial experts, like Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas, would have had to return to India without any chance of expressing their opinions, or giving the Conference the results of the valuable private negotiations which have been going on during the last few weeks. Still less did the Government welcome any discussion of such a subject as the method by which responsible government is to be introduced, if and when Parliament ever agrees to the formation of a Federation. The representatives from India, after a lead from Mr. Wedgwood Benn and Mr Lees-Smith, have made it abundantly clear that all the delegations, including the Princes, the Europeans, and the Moslems, are opposed to this policy of sand-bagging the Conference, and the Government delegation has been forced, with not too good a grace, to listen to a very full and outspoken discussion of vital questions which it desired to leave in obscurity.

* * *

Nothing could have been weaker than Sir Samuel Hoare's handling of the situation. In his private conversations he had made no secret that the Government meant to proceed along the lines of the Simon Report, introduce a form of provincial autonomy within two years, and possibly later to build up a Federal Government for all India if a number of doubtful conditions were fulfilled. In public he merely asks the Conference to trust the Government to implement its earlier pledges. He even appears surprised that the whole feeling of the Conference is against him, and that the delegates, including the Europeans, are opposed to the whole idea of trying to institute provincial autonomy before the Federal Government has been brought into being. It would seem that Sir Samuel Hoare completely ignores the practical difficulties of working provincial autonomy without the support even of the more moderate politicians. He is too ignorant of India to understand the depth of the suspicion with which every Indian regards our future intentions. The Prime Minister, who must appreciate the dangers of the next few years in India, and can have no illusions about the nature of the policy now suggested, now seems to have surrendered entirely to the Conservatives. The next day or two will show whether the almost unanimous views of the Conference will have any influence, or whether the first important act of the new Government is to kill for ever the hope of an Indian settlement by agreement.

* * *

Signor Grandi's visit to the United States is no more likely than M. Laval's to produce tangible results. But it can, no doubt, be regarded as a contribution to Italo-American friendship—and any trifle of that sort is worth something in these quarrelsome days. His hosts have taken extraordinary care of him. There have been serried ranks of police lining the streets, armed men on the roofs, detectives in the opera house to guard him from anti-Fascist ministrations. Nothing, happily, has occurred except the popping of a flashlight photograph. It is a pity that these precautions should be needed; for whatever may be thought of the Fascist regime, the Italian Foreign Minister is one of the best of European statesmen, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his desire to get rid of the triple pest of debts, reparations and armaments. And there must be enough enlightened self-interest in the Fascist Government to ensure their being behind him in this matter. Neither economically nor politically are the Italians very comfortable at the moment. There is point for them in Signor Grandi's epigram: "We must fortify justice and not justify force." And there is point for the rest of us too.

* * *

The German Economic Advisory Council has put forward proposals for a simultaneous reduction of wages, prices and rents, and also for an attempt to reduce interest charges. It is proposed, in respect of wages, that the arbitration system should be so modified as to make wage-rates more elastic. German selling prices are largely regulated by cartel agreements; it is suggested that these should be disallowed by the courts unless sufficient reductions are made. No definite way of reducing interest charges is proposed; but the Government is urged to take the matter up with vigour. The demand for these measures arises out of the desperate position of German industry in face of the slump, especially as Germany is held firmly to the gold standard under the Young Plan. But the wages of German workers have been cut so severely already that further reductions cannot be enforced without causing the most serious suffering. Even if some prices are cut down as well, an equivalent reduction in the cost of living is obviously not to be expected. The terrible position inside Germany will thus be made still worse; and for the rest of the world the effect will be to intensify German competition. But what else can Germany do—except default, as she will do before long unless means are applied for releasing her from her present bondage?

* * *

Mr. Churchill and his Die-hard friends made a futile protest last Tuesday against the Statute of Westminster Bill. They were a voice crying in the wilderness, and their cry was several months—or several years—too late. The Statute of Westminster, to which Parliament was in effect pledged by the recent Imperial Conference, does no doubt mean as nearly absolute independence as possible for all the Dominions. There may be a risk in allowing the Irish Free State the power to abrogate the provisions of the treaty which gave it birth. But that risk is a bagatelle by comparison with the certain mischief which would result from discriminating against the Free State. Mr. Cosgrave's letter to the Prime Minister, which was read in the House, gave a plain enough hint on that point. The Dominions have long ceased to be in leading strings, and if they now demand that the last shreds of those strings shall be solemnly consigned to the dust-bin, they cannot be denied. The Die-hard Conservatives are presumably the last people in the world to want the destruction of the

British Commonwealth of Nations. But its continuance depends on the consciousness of common interest and mutual trust, and on nothing else. To make an exception of Ireland, in deference to the scruples of lawyers or the fears of English politicians, would be not only invidious, but disastrous to the whole Empire, as Mr. Baldwin urged. We must rely on the good faith and the good sense of the Free State. If ever the Free State determines to be an independent Republic, we shall have to acquiesce—unless Mr. Churchill or some other desperate adventurer can incite the English people to a war of reconquest.

* * *

A first list of duties was scheduled last week under Mr. Runciman's Abnormal Importations Act, and the duties came into force on Wednesday. They are imposed at a uniform rate of 50 per cent. on twenty-three categories of goods, of which the annual value on importation, as far as can be ascertained, has been at the rate of about £24 millions a year. A figure nearly double this, cited in several newspapers, is clearly very wide of the mark. Of the imports scheduled by far the most important is manufactured woollens, which account for nearly half the total; the most important categories otherwise are gloves and wrapping paper (upon which "safeguarding" duties have recently expired), silk stockings (already heavily taxed), and domestic glassware. It is not quite clear why Mr. Runciman has not imposed the full 100 per cent. tariff to which he is entitled, as the object of the duties is presumed to be not to raise revenue but to relax the pressure upon foreign currencies; it may be, however, that some small accretion of revenue will be welcomed; it may be also that the lower rate of duty lays us less open to reprisals from America. The Protectionists in Parliament are very dissatisfied with Mr. Runciman's list. It touches less than 10 per cent. of our imports of manufactures, and in particular does next to nothing for the iron and steel industries. Strong pressure is being brought to bear upon him to issue in the near future a much more comprehensive schedule.

* * *

It is still unknown to what extent the agricultural Protectionists have succeeded in rushing the Cabinet into support of their demand for immediate legislation. They have assuredly not erred in asking for too little. Besides a wheat quota and further help for home grown sugar-beet, they want emergency duties on most of the principal classes of imported foodstuffs, from meat and dairy produce to vegetables and fruit. They insist that the wheat quota shall be accompanied by a guaranteed price to the farmer; and they want special legislation against early supplies of perishable foodstuffs from the Continent. The fishing industry has also joined the chorus, and wants to keep out boxed fish from abroad. All this is natural enough; for all the wolves were certain to gather round at the first smell of blood. But, whereas Mr. Runciman could plead at any rate plausibly that his emergency duties on manufactures were justified by "forestalling," the case of the agriculturists is mainly pure Protectionism, with no emergency justification at all. To give way to it would, therefore, be to prejudge the entire issue, despite promises to examine it impartially before action is taken. Yet it is understood, as we go to press, that Mr. MacDonald has yielded to the most urgent of the Protectionist demands. Immediate Protection against "dumped" imports of so-called luxury produce is contemplated: and it is stated also that the wheat quota, guaranteed price and all, is likely to be conceded.

* * *

The National Birth Control Association, which held its first annual meeting this week, exists "to advocate and promote the provision of facilities for scientific contraception, so that married people may space or limit their families and thus mitigate the evils of ill health and poverty." It is essential that there should be some responsible body to stimulate local authorities to take action upon the recent Ministry of Health memorandum on the subject, and that there should also be some connecting link between the local authorities and the voluntary clinics. At present no training is given to doctors or nurses in the use of contraceptive appliances in the medical schools and hospitals, or in the courses undertaken by midwives. Progress, therefore, in the dissemination of birth control information is in great part dependent upon there being a relation of confidence between local authorities, the Association, and the voluntary pioneer clinics. Up to now only thirty-nine local authorities have been persuaded by the Association to take some sort of action upon the memorandum. But in view of the serious difficulties in stimulating local authorities and in convincing them that there is within their reach the equipment which they need, this is not disheartening progress. It is only to be hoped that there will be no check upon the present rate of steady progress owing to mistaken notions of economy. Economy here means the most tragic waste—waste of suffering and of life.

* * *

Two years' hard labour is a severe, and even savage, sentence for a political offence. It was inflicted this week at the Central Criminal Court upon Frank Paterson, aged 26, of the British Communist Party and editor of the *Daily Worker*. The charge against the accused man arose out of articles in the *Daily Worker* which were held to be incitements to mutiny among the armed forces of the Crown, the occasion being the Naval troubles at Invergordon in the late summer. We hold no brief for Communism or for the point of view of the *Daily Worker*; but it was not even alleged that the articles in question had been a source of public danger or had suborned a single sailor or soldier from his allegiance, or led to any positive harm at all. In these circumstances, and in view of the well-established British tradition and principle of latitude in political advocacy, even of an extreme sort, the sentence appears to us not merely severe, but definitely dangerous in the precedent which it sets. It may be argued that persons who incite to mutiny—however unsuccessfully—must expect all they get; but if that is so it is hard to see how Communist propaganda can be regarded as lawful at all. The Canadian courts have recently outlawed Communism altogether; if this is also to be English law, let it be made so openly. Then we can leave off talking about our belief in free speech.

MORE SCRAPS OF PAPER

WHO would guess from reading the English or French Press that Japan has violated her treaty obligations just as flagrantly and indisputably as Germany did in 1914? Japan has treated the Kellogg Pact and the Covenant of the League as scraps of paper. She is "using war as an instrument of policy," she has refused to withdraw her troops; she has invaded Chinese territory in spite of the signature which she gave, in common with all the other Member-States of the League, to respect the territory of all other members. In 1914, Germany's invasion of Belgium was considered full justification for a European war. To-day we have, in the League, an instrument designed to meet just such a case of aggression, an instrument which avoids the necessity of war and which, if the Member-States who compose it would recognise their obligations, would effectively check the military party in Japan. Few nations to-day are likely to stand against the threat of moral and diplomatic isolation: none could run the risk of an economic boycott. If the League fails—and its failure is not yet certain—the fault will be that of its dominant members. It will be our failure and France's failure to recognise treaty obligations, solemnly undertaken. Are we simply to say that we only care to honour our pledged word when our interests are involved? If so, we must face the fact that we too are treating the Covenant of the League as a scrap of paper.

The tragic fact is not the much advertised "weakness of the League." The League is a comparatively new institution which has to struggle, as best it can, with the curse of traditional nationalism. The tragic fact is that the real issue is seldom presented to the public. Where in the popular organs of opinion do we see any statement that the League involves a treaty obligation just as much as the pre-war guarantee of Belgian neutrality? What counterblast have we to the nationalism of the Beaverbrook papers which openly say that "the Manchurian war is not a British issue," that "its rights and wrongs are not our concern," that, in short, we ought to violate our international promises whenever it is inconvenient to honour them?

If this were the spirit of the British public as well as of the British press, there would not be much more to be said. We should have, for instance, to give up as hopeless the whole issue of disarmament. Germany was disarmed on the ground that the Allies would then also be able to disarm. Yet it would be idle to pretend that the prospects for the coming Conference are encouraging. We have to face not only the triumph in Japan of an entirely unscrupulous war party; we also have to reckon with the unresolved Franco-Italian differences, the Franco-German clash over the fundamental principle of equality and the still unsatisfied French demand for further assurances as to pooled security. But there are powerful forces working for disarmament as well as against it. The problem is how to obtain adequate expression for them when nationalism is in the ascendant in the press and at Westminster.

The forces making for internationalism and disarmament do exist. The international Congress at Paris this week represents no negligible bulk of public opinion. It has been preceded during recent months by other conferences and by clearly worded resolutions of unusual authority and unity of purpose. Mr. Henderson was certainly right in his claim that public opinion is ahead of the Governments in readiness for disarmament. It is not only in the small and in the defeated countries that the urgency of the case is realised. The disarmament campaign this winter in the United States is likely to be the greatest effort of the kind ever attempted, and it seems safe to assume from Mr. Hoover's stand against the Big Navy partisans that he regards leadership in disarmament as a strong card to play in his bid for re-election to the Presidency. In this country, too, especially in the North, the desire for disarmament has been more widely and keenly expressed than ever before and it is no accident that the international Rotary movement, which represents a very large and influential business community, should be playing a leading part in the present Paris Congress.

It will be said that such expressions of public opinion must be impotent against the will of official France. Possibly. But the facts, both political and economic, may combine to make them effective. Even the French cannot afford to ignore the situation that is now being created in such countries as Germany and Hungary. Unless the Disarmament Conference yields a tolerable instalment of what has been promised, the forces making for upheaval in Central Europe and for repudiation of the policy of "fulfilment" will receive overwhelming reinforcement. If the Allies treat their disarmament pledge as a scrap of paper, the whole Treaty of Versailles will go up in smoke. That is a fact which the blindest French Government cannot ignore.

Again, there is in every country, as a force on the side of disarmament, a demand for reduction in armament expenditure. In the midst of unparalleled economic difficulties, with huge budget deficits in most countries (£560,000,000 in the United States), the world is still spending on armaments between nine hundred and a thousand million pounds a year. And the important point is, not merely that this is an intolerably heavy burden, and a relatively modern one, but also that it is bound to grow very quickly unless we check it at once. Even in those few cases where limitation has already been applied—as, for instance, in the case of the naval armaments of Britain, the U.S., and Japan—there is danger of increased expenditure unless we check it soon. The London Treaty last year limited cruisers, destroyers and submarines for these countries; but the limits were so high that a great increase in expenditure would be necessary if the permitted maximum of under-age ships were to be available in 1936. Suppose, when the present holiday from battleship building expires in 1935, we begin building battleships anew at a cost of seven or eight million pounds apiece, can we picture the problem that would confront the Chancellor of the Exchequer four years hence?

Lastly, even if the Governments and the press can ignore the demands of public opinion, the consequences of leaving our pledges still unhonoured, and the embarrassments of a vast and growing burden of unproductive expenditure, they cannot well ignore the fact that the dangers of modern war are new in

kind, and are not really to be met by the old nationalist, competitive methods. Here is one simple figure by which to judge this. During the war, by vast effort, we succeeded in bringing down 4.8 per cent. of the German aeroplanes which reached England. In the last, most successful, defensive operation we brought down 6 out of the 22 which reached London. Suppose that "next time," within 15 minutes of the enemy's planes crossing our coasts, we were *twice* as successful as we were in 1918, after years of war-effort. Suppose that we actually brought down 12 out of 22, or 600 out of 1,100. What consolation or defence would that be, when one bomb from one of the surviving 500 could wipe out most of the life of three-quarters of a square mile of London?

Such considerations, have, we suppose, no appeal to those who declare that disarmament is a Utopian idea—like the idea that the League could stop a war which a first-class Power has made up its mind to promote. In view of the current attitude to the Manchurian problem we must, apparently, leave off talking about national honour. We must confine ourselves to the question of national interest. Well, interest should serve. If Japan is permitted to pursue her course unchecked, other aggressive nations have their precedent. If we do not begin the process of disarmament soon, we may look forward with assurance to bankruptcy, European chaos, and an early death from bombs or poison gas. These seem to us sound, common-sense reasons for honouring these scraps of paper to which in our post-war mood we were rash enough, or idealistic enough, to attach our signature.

RUSSIAN NOTES

VI.—THE DICTATORSHIP.

"A PRINCE," said Machiavelli, "ought to choose the fox and the lion; because the lion cannot defend himself against snares and the fox cannot defend himself against wolves." The "prince" in Soviet Russia is the Communist Party, and the Communist Party is a good disciple of Machiavelli. It exercises its dominion by an elaborate mixture of force and craft. It is not the Government; it is not an organ of the Constitution. But it is in fact sovereign. It is not simply *a* party, but *the* Party—the only legal party in Russia—and its members hold all the key positions in the State—in the Soviets, local, district, regional, national and "All-Union," in the Ministries, in the Red Army and the police, in the economic syndicates and trusts, in the Trade Unions, the factories, and the farms. At the top of its pyramidal structure stands the "Politbureau," a committee of a dozen men, and Stalin, the secretary-general. He is called by foreigners "the dictator," and he is, indeed, the most powerful individual in the State; but he is neither theoretically nor actually an absolute monarch.

Such in essence is the dictatorship of the proletariat—a system of control that vies with and surpasses that of Italian Fascism in its ingenuity and its effectiveness. It is a regime which is repugnant to British traditions of liberty. But one must put aside prejudice in order to understand it. It is not all brutal violence and malevolent cunning. The Communists are not a pack of Yahoos torturing a nation of Houyhnhnms. Critics often say that the dictatorship of the proletariat means dictatorship over the proletariat. And so it evidently does. But the Communists conceive this dictatorship as a trusteeship, and, moreover, they are not an entirely alien body, a class with separate interests. The Party is overwhelmingly proletarian in its composition, and it deliberately keeps up the preponderance of manual workers among its members. It enforces its will on the masses, no doubt; but it would claim that its will is the will of the majority. For the minority who disapprove of its ways it cares nothing; it treats them on the maxim of *oderint dum metuant*. As an instrument of fear it has at its disposal the G.P.U. This famous body of special State police is the successor of the old Cheka of the early days of the Revolution, and is designed to combat "political and economic counter-revolution, espionage and banditry." It does not, as some people in this country appear to believe, harry or threaten the ordinary visitor to Russia; its agents may even help him if he is in a difficulty. Nor does it interfere with the ordinary Soviet citizen. But for counter-revolutionaries or malcontents, or those under suspicion, it has a hundred eyes and a hundred hands. It can act boldly and secretly. It can be used, and it has been used, to spread terror and ruin among the innocent as well as the guilty, and it has won a sinister reputation. Its activities within the last year or two had become excessive, and its too ferocious chiefs were recently turned out and replaced by milder ones.

But the real strength of the Communists derives from other sources than the G.P.U. The Party itself is sustained by the consciousness of a high purpose (however dubious that may sound to its adversaries), and it is fortified by an iron discipline. Its membership has grown rapidly; it is now about two and a half millions. Yet entry is still hard, and expulsion is pretty easy. Candidates are put through severe tests before they are admitted, and they have to undergo a waiting period of six months if they are manual workers, and longer if they are not. Once in, they enjoy various privileges; but they pay for them with heavy sacrifices—sacrifices of liberty, of leisure and of money. None may pocket a salary of more than 300 roubles a month. All must give extra service to the community, and the service may be a difficult or distasteful one imposed by superior order. Anyone is free to express his own opinion on a policy or a project whilst it is still under discussion. But once it is settled it is the Party decision, and must be accepted without question. Plain living and high thinking are enjoined; lechery and habitual drunkenness are grounds for censure, degradation or expulsion. Corruption may involve the death penalty. And slackers are periodically purged in large numbers. There are, of course, black sheep in the flock. Some join the Party with an eye to a career or the benefits they hope to get from it. Some may even be "radishes," as I have heard them called—very red outside and white within. But it is not believable that the bulk of the members are insincere; so gigantic a hypocrisy could not achieve what it does. The Communist Party, in fact, has the outstanding marks of the religious order—zeal, asceticism, altruism, bigotry. The love of God, of course, it has not; atheism is one of its tenets.

Nor is this all. Below the Party itself, as I mentioned earlier, a host of youths and maidens and children is organised, and taught to think and work on similar lines. The League of Communist Youth has something like four million members between the ages of fourteen and twenty-three, and a great number of them will pass in due course into the Party. These Komsomols, as they are called, are the pick of the young men and women, carefully trained in economics and politics as well as in their own jobs. They are active in the factories, the villages and the schools. They are to be found in every propagandist campaign; they are prominent as "shock-brigaders." I saw a team of them working furiously one night at relaying about three hundred yards of tramlines in the middle of Moscow. They began about midnight, and they had disappeared and the trams were running there before eight in the morning. It was the Komsomols, too, who three or four years ago successfully

took on the task of clearing the streets of the *bezprizornie*, or homeless children. Next come the Pioneers, aged from ten to sixteen, and then the Little Octobrists, from eight to eleven. Each organisation inspires and guides that below it. Each has its rules, its slogans and its technique; but all are of the same pattern and concentrated on the same purpose. Cynics may suggest that some of these children will have wearied of well-doing before they reach the age when they can blossom into full Party members. Perhaps they will. But at present the stimulus is strong; the Soviet society itself is only in its infancy, and the task of tending it and developing it offers a perennial interest. In any case, all these youthful millions are themselves being educated and are educating others in a new model; they are establishing new codes of morals and manners; and they are contributing in the measure of their abilities to one of the biggest economic plans which the world has seen. They are a portent. And the fact that none of them knows, except by hearsay, what a capitalist society is, or the meaning of parliamentary democracy and of a dozen other institutions that we prize or grumble at—this also may be a portent.

There remain two questions which exercise many minds here or in Russia. The first is whether the Communists, in this State where classes are abolished, are entrenching themselves as a new upper class, with the habits and the privileges of masters. Naturally they repudiate any such intention. The Party is not a closed order. Its doors are open—or at least ajar—and, as education spreads and the State grows stronger, they will open wider. The tutelage it exercises is only temporary. And in any case there is no danger of that exploitation for personal profit which is the mark of the bourgeois class. All this is, no doubt, fair argument, and if the Party sticks to its fundamental principles, the classless society may be achieved, in which the only inequality will be the inequality of ability. But power is an insidious temptation, and bureaucracy is a peril to be guarded against. The peril has been seen more than once in the history of the Russian Revolution, and Lenin himself attacked it with the demand for more democracy. Much will now depend on the attitude and influence of the younger generation.

The other question is of more immediate interest. Is the Soviet Union arming for war? Does it aim at national aggrandisement or at the spread of its revolutionary creed by aggression on its neighbours? The Communists' answer is, of course, an emphatic "No." They are proud of the Red Army, though their pride is not merely in its military efficiency, but in the cultural training which the young conscript undergoes and in the economic service he can render to the State. But all this armed force, they protest, is for defence, not offence. They are not "Imperialists." They have offered to disarm if others will do likewise, but the world only laughs at them. In all the circumstances, and with the bitter memory of the attacks launched on them a few years ago by Europe and America as well as by Russian counter-revolutionaries, they are not disposed to relax their precautions. Everyone in Russia, from top to bottom, so far as I can make out, is under the illusion (if it is indeed an illusion) that the capitalists are itching for a chance to destroy Bolshevism. The defence of the republic, therefore, is a supreme necessity, and the whole population, including the children in the schools, is instructed in the use of arms or in the taking of cover from air-bombs or in antidotes to "capitalist poison gases." Apart from all this, Russia is at present, and will be for a long time to come, absorbed in her own internal development. Any foreign war would certainly mean a serious check to the Five Year Plan, and might utterly wreck it. And so, if other people let Russia alone, she will be only too happy to let them alone. Stalin and his colleagues, whatever else they may be, are not mentally deficient.

C. M. LLOYD.

A LONDON DIARY

COLONEL Wedgwood's letter to Mr. Lansbury which has been published in some of the daily papers raises the whole question of the immediate future of the Labour Party as a political force. Every Labour candidate, and therefore M.P., is now required to sign a statement pledging himself "to adopt and act in harmony with the standing orders of the Parliamentary Labour Party." This new regulation, passed by an overwhelming vote at the last Annual Conference, was directed at the intransigent "Left Wing rebels" of the I.L.P. In my opinion, it goes much too far, and I do not wonder that that most individualist of good Socialists, Jos. Wedgwood, refuses to sign it and to be turned into "a voting dummy." It will be a bad day for the Labour Party when its parliamentary discipline is so rigid as to exclude a Jos. Wedgwood. No party can afford to exclude all the sincere and erratic heretics. The Conservative Party has never banned its Cecils and its Henry Bentincks and has gained in strength thereby, and the Labour Party is going to weaken itself seriously if it tries to goose-step its Wedgwoods and Maxtons into the division lobby by means of these signed pledges.

* * *

But the thing goes much deeper than the question whether the Party Whips can teach Colonel Wedgwood the parliamentary goose-step. The other day, Mr. Maxton told me seriously that he is no longer a member of the Labour Party. Technically, I suppose, this is true, but that it should be even technically true reflects little credit upon either Mr. Maxton or the Labour Party. The quarrel between the I.L.P. and the official Party dates from the days of Mr. MacDonald's Government. I think that the leadership of the I.L.P. has in recent years been ill-advised in many respects, but its parliamentary opposition to Mr. MacDonald's policy has been justified by events. But all this is antediluvian history. That the quarrel should be carried over into these days after the deluge, and that the little band of Labour members in the House should be split into still smaller warring fractions, is lamentable. The tide is now running strong for reaction, but all tides turn, and Labour will miss the turn if it spends the interval in meaningless, internecine squabbles. I should have thought that the history of the Liberal Party during the last ten years might have been a warning to politicians of this trend of misuse of adversity.

* * *

I often hear people speculating on the length of time that this flood of reaction will last, and most of them, I think err in putting its end too soon or too late. It is a world wave of reaction and not confined to this country. The pendulum will begin to swing definitely to the Left again here, I should guess, in two or three years' time if those on the Left will do some thinking in the interval. Reaction is the natural aftermath of war. It took 17 years for democracy to make the first real breach in the reaction which followed the Napoleonic wars and another 16 years to make the second. The present Cabinet is a Cabinet of old men, nearly all of whom are proved failures. At its head are two Prime Ministers, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, whose records as leaders of their own Parties is scarcely encouraging. By 1934 large numbers of people will begin to feel that patriotism is not enough when it means that the voice is the voice of MacDonald—if MacDonald is still in the picture—but the policy is the policy of Page-Croft.

* * *

One of the places in which the winds of reaction are beginning to blow with considerable effect is the B.B.C. The reactionary is permanently afraid, afraid of knowledge, afraid of opinion, afraid of discussion, afraid of all the ghosts of the past and the visions of the future. Sir John Reith and the Board of Governors seem to be showing all the

symptoms of this kind of panic, and naturally the result is that they make themselves ridiculous. I understand that they have made a rule that though there are still to be talks on new books, new plays, and new films, the actual names of no books, no plays, and no films may be mentioned. At first sight you may think the rule lunatic, but it is really extremely logical. If the name of a book, play, or film were mentioned, a listener-in might read that book or go to see the play or film; the book, play, or film might contain something not completely in conformity with the view of morality held by Sir John Reith and the Board of Governors or not politically in conformity with the policy of a National Government. The only way of preventing such a catastrophe happening is to forbid reviewers of books, plays, and films to mention the names of any books, plays, and films. I suggest for the consideration of Sir John Reith a rule that B.B.C. programmes should be strictly confined to (1) Vaudevilles, (2) Speeches by Mr. MacDonald and the Prince of Wales, (3) Readings from Smile's *Self-Help* and Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, (4) The National Anthem and Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance* March played by the Wireless Military Band, (5) Running Commentaries on sport and horse races, (6) Religious services *ad lib.*

* * *

Reading that Oxford had at length conferred a D.Litt. upon Graham Wallas, my mind went back to a certain walking tour in the Alps described by H. G. Wells in the *New Machiavelli*. There you will find Graham Wallas (Willersley in the book) modestly telling Wells of his decision to devote his life to education. And Mr. Wells added, "it would, no doubt, please him greatly if his work were to flower into a crimson gown in some academic parterre. Why shouldn't it? . . . He goes on anyhow. Most men don't." Graham Wallas has certainly gone on and his work has flowered in many directions. He is now in his 74th year, still actively lecturing and writing. Over forty years have passed since he joined in Fabian Essays, and four since he retired from his long service as Professor of Political Science in London University. There never was a wiser or kindlier Professor, nor a more inspiring teacher—truly the time's best exemplar of human nature in University life. What one wonders is why Oxford, which finds it easy and appropriate to confer an honorary degree upon the successful politician and manufacturer, the explorer and inventor, upon a Mark Twain or General Booth, should be so long getting round to one of the most valuable and distinctive products of her own tradition.

* * *

I hear that the Camargo Ballet Society are opening their second season next Sunday at the Savoy Theatre, where there will also be a matinée, open to the general public, on Monday, November 30th. Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting a new ballet from Handel, and, amongst other things, Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*, complete with chorus, is to be staged for the first time as a ballet, with Lydia Lopokova in the chief part. It will be interesting to see if this attempt to foster ballet in England, mainly with native talent, but with a little occasional help from the old guard of Russia, will succeed. I hope it will, and that enough support will appear from somewhere; though I suppose that all good patriots would hold that in these days of national crisis it is our duty to starve our composers and our artists so far as we can.

* * *

Those who know Mr. Garvin will agree with me that he is almost as powerful and florid in conversation as he is in the *Observer*. He was expatiating at some length to a group of friends the other day on the defects of modern journalism. It had, he said, no restraint, no economy; the fellows were so verbose and repetitious. Now he himself always went through every line he wrote and cut it down drastically until not a redundant word remained. I would do much to see one of Mr. Garvin's articles before the redundant words were cut out.

* * *

The neatest and shortest solution sent me of last week's puzzle is this:

The namesake of the man of milk
no relatives has he,
He cannot live at Number 1
nor yet at 2 or 3,
So he must live at 4 or 5
with Smith at 2 or 3.
The man at 1 cannot be Jones
with Jones he works you see.
The baker's namesake can't be 1
or 2 or even 3.
Coalman's and grocer's names alone
for 3 and 1 are free.
Cook, Jones, and Smith in 3 and 2
excessive crowd would be.
Hence Number 1 the grocer's name,
the coalman's, Number 3.
Thus Mr. Jones is Number 5,
the milkman's name at 4
The baker's name is therefore Jones
with brother, Green (in law).
Green therefore lives at Number 3,
so Smith is Number 2,
And Mr. Cook, Green's neighbour
to milkman gives the clue.
At 2 the butcher's namesake lives,
whose name is therefore Smith.
This only leaves the grocer Brown
at 1 to finish with.
From 1 to 5 are Brown and Smith
and Green and Cook and Jones.
Their namesakes trade respectively
rice, meat, coal, milk, and scones.

I offer another of a different kind. Cut a piece of stone weighing 40 lbs. into four pieces so that by using them as weights you can weigh from 1 to 40 lbs. (no fractions).

CRITIC.

THE POVERTY OF SCOTLAND

THERE is no subject on which the average Scotsman dwells more frequently and with a greater complacency than the poverty of his native land. By parsimony at home and protestations abroad, he ceases not to remind the world of this cardinal fact. He is always turning his pockets inside out, his purse upside down, and his eyes towards heaven to witness to the reality of his impoverishment. If he has, in an alien land, attained to wealth and position, the contrast thus instituted with his presumed origin serves as a subtly flattering enhancement of his present opulence. If he has stayed at home, as some Scotsmen still do, the same thought brings him consolation for the ineffective job he is making of his own country: he is less impressed by what he lacks than by the effort and ingenuity which have wheedled for him out of unpromising materials the meagre stock of possessions he has. His poverty is a national legend, as his thrift is an international jest. It is the universal excuse, advanced to condone and excuse every Scottish failure, every instance in which Scotland falls short of the standards of normally equipped civilised communities, the general air of shabbiness, of dull-witted incompetence and the absence of design or foresight in the ordering of the Scottish scene and the Scottish mentality.

Scotland is too poor to keep her own people within her bounds or to offer a reasonable chance of self-realisation to her intelligent and ambitious sons; she is too poor to maintain the leadership which her industries and her social and political problems demand. She is too poor to keep her grip on her own industries or to reach out effectively for the new industries which she must secure or perish. And, needless to say, she cannot afford dignified buildings to house her public institutions. The very thought of such extravagance must be banished, since it would, among other

things, involve the dangerous and deluding implication that she is a nation that may reasonably desire to express itself in architectural or other forms. She must wait for her National Library until a private citizen has given £200,000 for the purpose and then she must hold it on terms which take something away from the reality of the adjective "national." Her government departments must be clothed in the reach-me-down creations of that distinguished wholesale firm of Whitehall which turns out barracks, colonial residencies and provincial post offices with the same inspired hand. Her museums must be meagre displays of knick-knacks, the cast-off curios of country-houses (a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, a glove worn, improbably, by Mary, Queen of Scots) housed in dingy and forlorn buildings. Her galleries cannot aspire to possess presentable collections of the works of modern Scottish artists—to say nothing of the artists of other nationalities. Her very heralds (to descend to symbolic trifles) wear tabards in the correct quarterings only because a sentimental Glasgow business man paid the tailor for them. No one in Scotland finds anything remarkable in all this; on the contrary, it is accepted that she is a poverty-stricken, if not actually a parasitic, nation, living on English grants and well advised if she does not make too heavy demands on her benefactor. As for the notion that she could possibly stand on her own feet, responsible Scottish opinion holds that such a rash experiment would end in bankruptcy within a year.

Of the spirit displayed in such an attitude, and the comment it provides on the traditional independence of the Scots, the less said the better. What are the facts, in so far as they can be ascertained? What is the revenue of this pauper nation, with its cheese-paring shopkeeper's contentment with the third-rate, the cheap and nasty and incompetent, its mean-spirited renunciation of dignity and decency in its communal life? In the year 1924–25 the Scottish national revenue was £75,000,000, as compared with £80,000,000 for the previous year and £120,000,000 for the year before that. Let us take the latest and lowest figure. Of that £75,000,000, £25,000,000 was returned to Scotland for purely Scottish services and £50,000,000 was allocated to those items of expenditure which Scotland and England share: defence by land, sea and air, diplomacy, national debt services and so on. There is some justification here for those who assert that Scotland is already bankrupt, for the £50,000,000 contribution she makes to meet common burdens is only one-tenth, instead of that one-eighth of the total which is the accepted fraction. She is not, to this extent, meeting her obligations. This phenomenon is a new one; we need not consider here what its cause may be, or what is the relation between it and the decline in population revealed by the census, or the well-known failure of Scotland to secure her share of the new industries. It might, however, be interesting to ascertain what fraction of the money allocated to general services is disbursed in Scotland, for there is a suspicion that England is, in some cases, taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another, whereas Scotland is putting money into England's pockets.

In any case, the real point is: what light do these figures throw on the wealth of Scotland, assuming that there is *some* relation between national wealth and taxable income? The only criterion of much value would be obtained from a comparison with other countries of roughly the same size, at the same level of civilisation and in adjacent degrees of latitude. What are the national revenues of Denmark, the Irish Free State, and Sweden, let us say? Denmark's population of three millions compares with Scotland's of 4,800,000. Denmark has no mineral wealth, minor industries, and a highly organised small-scale agriculture. The total national revenue is £17,000,000, less than one quarter that of Scotland. When allowance is made for the difference in population, Scotland's revenue is still nearly three times Denmark's, although Denmark is not able to effect those economies which ought to come from sharing with another nation the burdens of defence and diplomacy. The Irish Free State, with a population roughly the same as Denmark's, has a national revenue of £31,000,000. In other words, the individual Irishman is contributing to the State about two-thirds of the sum paid annually by the individual Scot. Yet one has not observed that Ireland is slipping towards bankruptcy nor that she betrays any inability to fend for herself in the world.

A comparison with Sweden is, perhaps, more striking as well as more apposite than the other two. For Sweden is, by universal consent, one of the most highly civilised and prosperous countries in Europe. Things are done well in Sweden, whether they be the building of town halls, the holding of international exhibitions, the organising of social services, or the eating of *smörgaasbord*. There is lavishness and spaciousness, as well as fine taste and a sensitive social conscience, about Swedish life which are most impressive. Like Scotland, Sweden has industries and mineral deposits and highly skilled artisans. Like Scotland again, there is a persistent military tradition, the result of Russia's proximity, and a not unamiable (and presumably expensive) taste for martial pageantry. The population of Sweden is about 6,000,000, the national revenue £42,000,000. If the Swede were paying as much as the Scotsman, the revenue of Sweden would be not £42,000,000 but something like £90,000,000.

If there is any connection between national wealth and ability to pay, the legend of Scottish poverty vanishes. Yet Scotland thinks she is poor, looks poor, and in many respects lives poorly. There is no doubt about that. What is the explanation? Why is it that Scotland, with twice the revenue of Sweden, should wear so dolefully the air of a neglected and poverty-stricken province? There are those in Scotland who believe that, though she is reasonably rich, she is nevertheless attempting too much in seeking to live up to the income and the style of her wealthier southern neighbour. Those people are apt to look at the £50,000,000 for general services with a bilious eye and wonder if Scotland is getting an adequate return for this enormous sum. After all, the imperial dignity may be a luxury too expensive for a merely moderately well-off nation; the standard of security (for instance) required by a country containing the capital of the empire may be too high for the resources of a smaller land which, in any case, does not see itself encompassed by potential foes. Is not that £50,000,000 a rather stiff fee for the privilege of belonging to even so excellent a club as the United Kingdom?

A SCOTSMAN.

SAFETY FIRST

"SAFETY first," says General Seeley in his new book, *Fear, and Be Slain*, "is a vile motto." There was surely never a more undeserved attack on a piece of ordinary common sense. No one, so far as I know, has ever attempted to exalt the motto into a golden rule. It is a saying chiefly used in order to encourage motorists not to run over pedestrians, to encourage pedestrians not to be run over by motorists, to encourage railway-travellers not to lean out of the window or to leave the train while it is in motion. All these seem to me to be an eminently desirable end. I have never yet heard even of a fire-eating admiral who inaugurated a society to teach people to drive, walk, and travel dangerously. No member of the A.A. has proposed to alter a well-known slogan into "When in doubt go fast." We do not attempt to nurture courage in the young by bidding them always cross the road before the traffic has stopped. Nor has Eton, with all the glorious traditions of its playing-fields, yet instructed its children to lean as far as possible out of the window when travelling in railway trains, and to make a point of jumping out

while the train is in motion. I doubt if even General Seeley would recommend these courses as a necessary part of an education in bravery. He, too, believes in "Safety First" when it is common sense to believe in it.

It may be that the constant repetition of the phrase on hoardings and elsewhere has been misunderstood by the present generation, and that many people have come to regard it, not as a rule of behaviour in traffic, but as a complete philosophy of life. Possibly the post-war parent conceals from his infant the perilous example of Daniel in the den of lions. Instead of telling the story of David and Goliath, he may, for all I know to the contrary, be poisoning the nursery mind with a tale of a shepherd boy who, when his people were being destroyed by war, stuck cautiously to his sheep, avoided the battle zone, and lived to enjoy great riches. If this is so, then no doubt the boy who stood on the burning deck has fallen into disgrace—perhaps deservedly. It is melancholy to think that the Roman who leaped into the gulf may now be laughed at in the nursery as a lunatic, and that Horatius Cocles may be held up to odium as a living negation of the commercial virtues.

Not so was it when I was a child. In those days our little imaginations were stocked with saints and soldiers who had not enough business instinct among them to run a confectionery shop. A man could scarcely be too heroic for our greedy appetites. We had recitations about lifeboatmen, songs about firemen. A young girl, refusing to recant her faith and tied to a stake so that she might be drowned by the advancing tide, seemed not a fool, but a heroine to us. A missionary who landed on a South Sea Island only to be knocked on the head and put in a pot by black men who did not understand what he was talking about was an admirable fellow in our eyes. Death itself we were taught to regard lightly by the example of little Willie in the hymn which begins:

> "I would like to die," said Willie,
> "If my papa could die, too."

With so many incitements to live dangerously ringing in our ears, indeed, it is surprising that most of us contrived to survive our teens.

And it was not only our parents and our nurses who egged us on towards the heroic life. Our schoolfellows were in the same conspiracy. "Coward" was the name that we feared most, and even small girls could make a small boy who had offended them flush at the chanted chorus:

> Cowardy, cowardy custard,
> Eat your father's mustard.
> Cowardy, cowardy carley
> Eat your mother's barley.

With that vile song ringing in his ears many a nervous boy has retreated down the corridors of shame. And, to escape the imputation of cowardice, many a small boy has submitted to the lesser pain of a bleeding lip, a lost tooth or a discoloration of the flesh around his eye. On the football field, again, to be called a funk was worse than wounds. I myself as a rule did my best to assume the appearance of valour while secretly consulting my safety. But this was upon instinct and was not the result of a philosophy of "Safety First" instilled into me by my elders or my contemporaries. And, indeed, on the few occasions on which I forgot the possibilities of injury and flung myself recklessly into the maelstrom of the game, I experienced a happiness that makes me even now believe that courage must be the most intoxicating of all forms of pleasure. It may be wondered why in that case I do not choose to live courageously. I can only say that I have not the slightest idea. I ought certainly to be a hero, for I was bred on heroic literature. Apart from the books that were put into my hands by my elders, I had early access to the noble exploits recounted in the innumerable pennyworths of the adventures of Deadwood Dick. If to make the heart beat faster is the mark of great literature, then surely the penny dreadfuls were great literature. On the whole, I think I liked those dealing with boys who were captured by pirates best. Pirates probably reminded me of the seaside, which was my notion of Heaven.

Looking back, I can see no reason in my bringing-up why I should have grown up a coward who prefers a comfortable bed to a martyr's bonfire, and who would rather listen to a chaffinch singing than win the Victoria Cross in a battle. Many people, while urging their children to dare to be Daniels, at the same time take every opportunity to prevent them from being so. They are brave in their generalisations, but in particular instances they counsel timidity. I do not remember ever having been prevented in this fashion from doing any brave deed upon which I was bent. I cannot remember, now that I come to think of it, ever having been seriously bent upon doing a brave deed. I was warned not to sit down in wet shoes and stockings, but there is nothing conspicuously brave in sitting down in wet shoes and stockings. My aunts nervously forbade me to wander along the river-banks, but it was for no heroic purpose that I frequented the river-banks, but to gather water-lilies. In most other respects, I was exhorted to be a great deal braver than I was. I was encouraged to go to bed in the dark, to go upstairs in the dark, and was allowed to live largely in the company of other boys most of whom scarcely knew what fear was. Hence it cannot have been an inculcated philosophy of "Safety First" that tamed my spirit. Nobody whom I knew believed in "Safety First." I myself did not believe in it. I merely acted on it.

Perhaps, if my elders had kept drumming "Safety First" into my ears from my earliest infancy, the results would have been better. Perhaps, if they had done so, my natural love of contradiction would have triumphed, and out of sheer contrariness I should have become a hero. I, too, might have thought it a vile motto if anybody had said it to me. But, alas, even my nurse, as she gave me foul medicine in a spoon, always called on me to be a hero, a Trojan and a Stoic. And I rebelled—and am what I am.

Y. Y.

A VOICE FROM TOOLEY STREET

ON just one thing, so I fondly thought,
The nation's will had been clearly taught;
For the three great Parties had all averred,
"Great Britain stands by her plighted word,
And our labours for India shall not cease
Till we lay the framework of lasting peace."
Yet it seems I erred; for there comes a call,
In the name of Britain, to "chuck it all!"
To scrap the peace we had dreamed and planned
And rule once more with the iron hand.
The *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Mail*
Are both (how strange!) in the self-same tale;
And the *Sunday Pictorial* holds the views
That we find expressed in the *Evening News*;
And the *Sunday Dispatch* this week outlines,
In its weighty columns, the same designs;
And they all agree (which is rather queer)
With our Elder Statesman—Lord Rothermere.
This must be the nation's voice indeed,
Yet I can't but think, as I muse and read,
Of the Three Brave Tailors who used to meet,
As the story tells us, in Tooley Street,
And tell the world, in the nation's name,
What "We the People of England claim."
In Britain's name there's a chorus shrieking—
Is it England or Tooley Street that's speaking?

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE ITALIAN DEPORTEES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Home affairs at the moment make it difficult to direct public attention to sufferers in foreign countries. Yet to some of us the continued misery of the Italian deportees on the islands—Lipari, Ponza, Trimiti and Lampedusa—is a source of distress and concern, and personal friends and acquaintances of the Italian exiles here and in France would fain come to their assistance if possible.

Signor Mussolini in his speech of December 18th, 1930, estimated that a minimum wage of 8 lire a day was indispensable to a labourer (or 48 lire a week, rather less than eleven shillings in English money at that time), but during the same month the allowances of the *confinati* were reduced from 10 lire to 5 lire a day (or 35 lire a week), and on this sum the *confinati*, mainly men of education and refinement, are now expected to live. Very little work is available for most of the deportees, since they are not allowed to go outside the boundaries of their settlement of about a half square mile, and on that space on Lipari and on Ponza there are packed about 500 men. No gifts of money are officially allowed to them, and no food parcels may be received. When, as happens in many cases, the deportee has been joined by his wife and children, it is clear that this sum is most sadly insufficient. Moreover, it has to provide rent as well as food, for the families cannot be lodged in the over-crowded barracks in which the single men are housed.

On Lipari, quite recently, there were among the *confinati* some 50 families with a total of 80 children; on the island of Ponza 13 families with a total of 34 children. All these live crowded in wretched cottages with deplorably inadequate sanitation and water supply, for which a monthly rent of 80 to 100 lire may be charged. In the long run, such conditions of life mean, if not actual starvation, at least a progressive lowering of the standard of health among men, women and children alike, and an ever-increasing liability to disease. Hence it is not surprising to learn that tubercular diseases are seriously prevalent and that many of the children exhibit signs of malnutrition and anæmia, while proper hospital accommodation for the sick is utterly insufficient. It may be asked why the wives and children go to the islands at all, but it must be remembered that in the absence of the breadwinner many families in Italy are reduced to extreme destitution, and in such circumstances it is only natural for them to join their husbands and fathers.

Would it be possible (we venture to ask) for the Italian Government to allow parcels of food, clothing and medicine to be sent to the islands, most particularly for the women and children, in aid of their needs?—Yours, etc.,

ERNEST BARKER, G. LOWES DICKINSON.
G. P. GOOCH. GRAHAM WALLAS.
November 22nd. THOMAS OKEY.

CHINA AND THE SOVIETS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—You very properly draw attention to the scandalous attitude of many of our leading daily newspapers in regard to the present Japanese invasion and occupation of Manchuria. The *favour* shown by these journals to the Japanese in their wholesale illegal invasion is in marked contrast to their attitude in 1929 at the time of the Soviet-Chinese imbroglio, when, although Soviet anger was much more justified, their military forces advanced *only a few miles* along the railway into Manchurian territory. I have just been re-reading our press of that time.

It may be remembered that the Manchu-Chinese authorities unwarrantably and quite suddenly seized the jointly owned Russo-Chinese Eastern Railway which runs from the Siberian frontier (Manchouli) through Harbin to Vladivostok, and imprisoned and maltreated hundreds of Soviet citizens and officials. For several weeks the Soviet Government patiently waited for a mutual discussion to settle their undoubted claims. It was only after the Manchu-Chinese authorities had dilly-dallied for several weeks, without even attempting to come to an arrangement with the Soviet, that the latter made a military demonstration in force.

The Jap tale about Russians being found in Chinese uniforms I simply do not believe, unless they were Russian "Whites"—for there were hundreds of these "Whites" helping Marshal Chang-Tso-Lin only a few years ago. On the other hand I cannot believe the Soviet official denial that they are not strengthening their military forces in Siberia. It is obvious that they ought to do so as a matter of precaution. For four whole years of the Great War the entire Swiss Army was mobilised on the Swiss frontiers, and only six years ago we sent a whole division from England to Shanghai to protect our interests.—Yours, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR.

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As I did not say, or mean, by "workers" manual workers only, as Mr. Elton mysteriously assumes I did, the rest of his letter does not seem to concern me. The Trade Union and Co-operative movements are by no means confined to manual workers. What seems to me essential is that the nucleus of the Labour Party should be the *organised* working-class movement of the workers by hand and brain. I want it, of course, to appeal to everyone who sympathises with its programme and aspirations, but to appeal on the understanding that its nucleus is the organised working-class movement.—Yours, etc.,

Hampstead. G. D. H. COLE.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Wright suggests that as Labour has the right of public meeting and free speech, there is no justification for any form of positive disobedience, such as a rent strike if wages come down and rents stay up. The recent election has confirmed the view of many that the majority of the electorate are influenced but little by public meetings. Labour almost everywhere had the best meetings, but did not get the votes. People, it seems, are influenced in the main by the press, the wireless, the cinema and the pulpit. These on the whole are enlisted in the service of the other parties. Is it likely that the church will change its mind by the next election, or condemn the worst excesses of the present Government? Can the Labour movement believe that the people who claim that they have a monopoly of sportsmanship will give it even justice in broadcasts? It is certainly unable to believe that the press lords will repent, whatever else they may do.

The Labour Party needs more opportunity than the Conservatives to propagate its ideas because it is attacking, or should attack, accepted institutions and forms of economic organisation which are generally accepted. It seeks to replace them with others which people instinctively fear and distrust. If, then, the Labour Party feels that it is being frustrated not by intelligence but by the sheer inequalities of opportunity for propaganda which arise because the holders of economic power control the organs of opinion, it is small wonder that they tend to become more "class conscious." However unpleasant the fact and its results may be, and however much Liberals may dislike it, class is a reality which all progressives must face if they are going to understand the Labour Party.

Finally, Mr. Wright proclaims himself an internationalist and yet unrepentantly supports as nationalist a government as we have had since 1918. How, then, can we expect him to support internationalists who think that the public control of essential industries including banking is an essential prelude to the international ordering of affairs—unless the internationalism be that of world trusts and world finance?—Yours, etc.,

Manchester. F. STONHAM.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I, of course, expected that some of your readers would take exception to being reminded of the parallel between Mr. MacDonald's strategy and Lenin's retreats to save the Russian revolution. None the less, whatever be the varying circumstances in which Labour found itself in Russia and in Britain, the fact remains that Mr. MacDonald was right in seeing that, when once British Labour had ruled out revolutionary methods, a temporary retreat was essential. This he knew ought to be carried out by a Labour Government as a united body, as it was in Russia. Mr. MacDonald found, however, that his Labour colleagues, even though they fully admitted the existence of the financial crisis and believed it necessary to preserve the gold standard, just as much as did all authoritative opinion, including

majority and minority members of the Macmillan Commission, yet failed to advance one single realistic method which could have achieved that end.

Mr. MacDonald, therefore, decided that he at least would not risk leaving the welfare of the workers to the sole discretion of the Conservative Party.

He saw that the year 1932 would be as decisive as 1914 for the happiness of the world. If Labour insisted upon resigning, it would thereby hand over to an exclusively Conservative government the problems of 1932—India in Asia, Germany in Europe, Disarmament in all nations, world tariffs, debts, and monetary problems. He saw that this must result in disasters more overwhelming than any we have known since 1914, and more terrible for the workers than a cut of 2s. 3d. in the dole, which was inevitable if Labour retired. To this analysis there is, I think, no answer.

By acting alone, even though he would have preferred the whole of the Labour Party to act with him, he has avoided these grave disasters, and the next few months will show how meaningless is the charge that he is a prisoner of any party, or that they wish him to be so.

Indeed, it has now become of the first importance that Labour should see that a great party, which had twice been the government of a country, could not be wiped out in Parliament within three weeks, unless there was something wrong within itself. Misrepresentation could not have done that, for the party has complained of it at every previous election and yet survived.

In any case, do not let us blame Socialism, and do not let us deceive ourselves into thinking it is a more *fighting* policy that we require. On the contrary, our need is for more confidence in our ideas and how to apply them in a changing world, more understanding of the growing sympathy available in public opinion for our programme.

Let the Labour Party beware lest (like Trotsky in exile) it be now relegated to the extreme rear in the army of constructive progress. If it intends to resist reunion, and inclines to waste time and strength as a revolutionary minority, it can only follow that new forces, gathering behind certain sections of the National Government, will take advantage of the Socialist programme and respond to the urgent demands of public opinion for immediate effective plans for national and international reorganisation.

The Labour Party made one memorable mistake in 1914, and another during the recent crisis. Do not let it make a third by maintaining a schism in its ranks, when the political parties of this country are being reshaped.

Above all, let me again beg that we should not forget that the world cries out for the solution of the ills that beset it, and expects an answer of immediate help from all parties, whether they be governments or oppositions. Men and women have no right to let passionate anger blind them to this need, and if they do, they reveal the temper which has made them unfit to govern.—Yours, etc.,

CLIFFORD ALLEN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Elton's letter about the New Labour Party confuses the issue. Because the new Labour Party, according to Mr. Cole, must be "a party representing the aspirations of the working classes," Mr. Elton thinks it is incompatible with a "national Labour Party appealing to all classes who render service to the State." Rather are the aspirations of the working classes of so powerful and universal an appeal that they can unite the nation without destroying "the effective driving force," as Mr. Cole fears. A man may be a millionaire and yet have the interests of the working classes at heart—then an appeal to better the conditions of the proletariat is surely the best policy the Labour Party could adopt.—Yours, etc.,

Queen's College, Oxford. A. A. SAUNDERS.

ELECTORAL METHODS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"Labour Candidate's Wife" complains of the methods adopted by some employers of labour at the last Election in endeavouring to influence the votes of their employees.

In so far as an employer of labour occupies a special position in relation to his employees, and can to some extent influence for good or ill the prospects of individual wage-earners, it is, I think, contrary to public policy that he should use this special position to impose his own political creed. Anything in the nature of a canvass which might prejudice voters who claim the right to form their own opinions on political issues is clearly wrong. But this argument applies not only to employers of labour, but with at least equal force to Trade Union leaders and officials. The latter also enjoy a privileged position. They also have used this position to compel the adoption of their own political creed, and in some cases have not hesitated to denounce as blacklegs Trade Unionists who do not respond to their appeal.

Is it too much to expect that those who are so ready to denounce the canvassing by employers among their own work-people will be equally ready to protect these same work-people from the political interference of their Trade Union officials?—Yours, etc.,

25 Moorgate, E.C.2. C. R. V. COUTTS.

POLITICS AND RELIGION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As one interested in no political party, but in the lucidity and logic of thought and speech, I am puzzled by the letter to you signed S. M. G. He writes: "Though some of the clergy . . . protested, the majority, *whose business is not to advocate one party nor denounce the other, was silent* (my italics) when justice, as shown by the prejudged voting, was violated." He goes on to speak of "a silence which will add to the long list of the Church's cowardices and betrayals." But, if it was *not* their business to speak on party politics, what should they have said?

Further, though, of course, justice *is* violated when the majority of voters disagree with oneself, this is one of those chances of war that follow the initial enterprise of enfranchising a democracy, and must be endured. Again, what is "prejudged voting"? Does it mean that the voters decided, too long before going to the polls, and without sufficient thought, how they meant to vote? But is not this a feature of all democratic elections and was it more so of this than others?

Incidentally (but quite irrelevantly) most of the Anglican clergy whose activities I came across during the elections happened to be of Labour politics, Anglicans not being bound by the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, which (*pace* your correspondent, A. S.) lays down that all Socialism, however moderate and reasonable (and His Holiness goes carefully into its different brands) is incompatible with true Christianity. This has never been the Anglican view, and Anglican Socialists have for some seventy years been a thriving section of the Church.

This, however, is by the way.—Yours, etc., INQUIRER.

THE CAUSATION OF CANCER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read the article by "Lens" with the above heading, and entirely agree with the views put forward by your able contributor. But I would go farther than he. I maintain that it is a disaster of the greatest magnitude that Dr. Gye and all the other cancer researchers endeavour to discover the causation of cancer in the diseased cancer cell, in the diseased product. One might as well endeavour to discover the beauties of a painting from a handful of ashes into which it has been converted or to trace the genius of a great man, as has been done in the case of Lenin, by cutting the brain into 30,000 slices and looking at each slice under the microscope.

It is useless to look at the gouty toe if we wish to discover the cause of gout, which will be found in the larder, or in the wine bin. It is as useless to concentrate research upon the cancerous cells and to discuss, as Gye has done, specific factors, non-specific factors and parasites. Cancer is a disease of faulty living. It is practically unknown among primitive races leading primitive lives. The fact that the cancer mortality of butchers is about three times as great as the mortality of agricultural labourers is infinitely more important than the ridiculous so-called discoveries of cancer cell students during the last half century. Future generations will laugh at our blindness and folly. The cell students will never solve the cancer problem, which can be solved only by common sense. I speak as a cancer student.—Yours, etc.,

Albion Lodge, Fortis Green, N.2. J. ELLIS BARKER.

Miscellany

ART NOUVEAU: A HINT FOR CONNOISSEURS

(Extract from a Letter)

". . . FOR me at least the Victorian revival has now quite lost its freshness, and it seems high time that people who pride themselves on a feeling for 'period' should turn their attention elsewhere. And since time is rolling on, and we shall before very long be half through the twentieth century, why should we still go back as far as early or mid-Victorian days for our fashions and our furniture and our amusement? I've just spent a week-end in a house which has scarcely been touched since the beginning of the century. It's true that I went there as a child, but I'd never seen it again until the other day, when it dawned upon my curious, period-fancying eye with a wonderful freshness.

"When it was planned and built, the house must have been extremely daring—Edwardian before its time, as it were. The outside walls are white and rough-cast, there is a loggia leading into a pergola, the casement windows are both wide and low, with leaded panes, and set close under the eaves; the tiles are pale grey; the roof has some extraordinary angles and in places almost reaches the ground; while the chimneys are either very squat or surprisingly tall and isolated. There are no french-windows, but the doors leading into the garden are made like stable doors, so that only half need be opened at a time; they are opened by means of beaten copper latches. There is a great deal of beaten and wrought and hammered copper, silver and iron in the house, from hot-water jugs to tea-spoons, from finger-plates to coal shovels.

"Everything is quaint, as everything a little too fashionable at the time of its manufacture always is, and remains. For instance, if you want to go into or out of a room you have to make a gesture as if you are drinking a toast, because the fancy door-handles are placed so high up on the doors. If you want to put anything on the mantelshelves, it is impossible without a ladder. And if you want to sit in one of the window-seats, your joints crack and you can hardly get up again, because they are only raised a few inches from the floor. The furniture is all in keeping—the chairs, for instance, have rush-seats and excessively high, straight backs with heart-shaped openings or blue enamel hearts let into them. The china is what used to be called cottage-craft pottery, that is to say, it is coarse—buff, green, or peacock-blue—with a high glaze and a profusion of handles. And in spite of the fact that electric light is laid on, candlesticks of this ware abound in every room.

"Most typical of all, perhaps, is the electrolier in the dining room, a prodigy of beaten (or is it wrought) copper. The electric bulbs fit into sinuous, stylised poppies, while the middle part is an orderly muddle of hammered bronze irises, and lilies with a 'Grecian bend' in the stalks, and roses with heart-shaped leaves and their stalks very thorny-looking. One cannot help noticing how certain flowers recur again and again as decorative motifs, just as they do in most of the art and letters of the period. And, as often as not, they are to be found in company with peacocks, pomegranates, doves, sundials, heart-shaped leaves, and languid, heavily draped women with pouting mouths and long, white necks rather too goitred to be swan-like. In the midst of this triumph of *art nouveau* over nature, I found my thoughts continually going from William Morris to Walter Crane, from Rossetti to Beardsley, in an effort to understand exactly how everyday life had followed (as it always does, in a way) the painters and poets. It was quite clear that the pre-Raphaelites were responsible for these later whimsies of craftsmanship (which will very soon be passionately sought after by collectors) but I felt the need of a text or two to explain my surroundings.

"Most appropriately, and quite by chance, I picked up a book with a tooled binding (a design of sunflowers this time), and opening it found it to be the works of the best of English poetesses, Christina Rossetti. There I read first some familiar lines:

> Raise me a dais of silk and down;
> Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
> Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
> And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
> Work it in gold and silver grapes,
> In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys—

"But it was on another page that I learned more exactly how poppy and iris had succeeded the moss-roses and convolvulus sprays of the Victorians, and how Lilian and Mariana had given place to Meggan and May and more especially Margaret:

> When Meggan plucked the thorny rose,
> And when May pulled the brier,
> Half the birds would swoop to see,
> Half the beasts draw nigher;
> Half the fishes of the streams
> Would dart up to admire:
> But when Margaret plucked a flag-flower,
> Or poppy hot aflame,
> All the beasts and all the birds
> And all the fishes came
> To her hand more soft than snow.

"Whether all the beasts and all the birds and all the fishes will find the ladies of Matisse and Picasso as attractive as this must be left to the art critics and auctioneers to decide. But meanwhile don't part with anything that has a heart embossed on it, punched in it, enamelled on it, or wrought in it. For the interior decorators may soon be declaring that hearts are trumps. And that, of course, will mean pomegranates and peacocks, and perhaps vair as well. . . ."

WILLIAM PLOMER.

GO!

IF you received the following letter, what would you do? "Do go, any night next week, to see a play which expresses, in a strange exciting story, the disparity between life and art (artists, you know, can't climb as high as they build, nor thinkers dare all that they believe); the gnawing misgivings of the creator who finds that all he has created has been paid for in his own vital happiness and that of others; and the inevitable rivalry between the old and new generations. All that is in this play—and more. You will also never watch a story, unfolded with masterly stage-skill, which exhibits better the disastrous challenge of youthful adoration to ageing talent, groping among its own, alas too deeply known, perplexities; or a story which takes you farther into a tortured imaginative mind, where aggressive ambition and a sense of life's vanity, megalomania and self-distrust, morbid scruples of conscience and ruthlessness, are intertwisted and struggle together. The play is very well acted too."

You would, I think, be intrigued by such a letter till you turned its page and discovered that the play was only—Ibsen's *Master Builder*. Probably your curiosity would then cool. You see, I have not been a dramatic critic for twenty-five years without learning something about the play-goer. He, or she, ecstasises over what is new in preference to what is good—except, of course, in the case of Shakespeare (I suggest that enjoyment of Shakespeare is three-parts convention; people mesmerise themselves into thinking they revel in his plays; admiration for them is the cheapest obtainable certificate of taste); but it is really easier to be thrilled by Ibsen, when, which is not often, his plays are adequately performed. He is so near us, still so modern and interest in life is commoner than æsthetic sensibility. But Ibsen has not been consecrated. Indeed, the

kind of prestige he enjoys is the sort that puts many off. He has been made the reformer's idol, the highbrow's pet. It is a misfortune that he was introduced to England by his first admirers as a social and moral reformer. He was a powerful reformer; but Bernard Shaw and others over-emphasised that aspect of him. His greatness does not lie there; his drama is the drama of the soul. It is not his *Doll's House*, *Enemy of the People*, or *Ghosts* which are the triumphs of his genius. It is natural, for instance, that *Ghosts* should strike us now as a flogging administered to a dead horse, though it is a splendid acting play. But in the later and earlier plays there is matter of the nearest interest to us, handled by a supremely penetrative artist, which cannot lose its point; for though society changes rapidly, and with it society's problems, the nature of man changes very slowly. Ibsen is the great dramatist of the inner life. A simile will suggest where his superiority over all other modern dramatists lies. Drama is not unlike an organ with three key-boards. The top one is the story; that is to say, the sequence of incident and interplay of character which must seem real enough to interest us. Nearly all playwrights who get a hearing are more or less expert in playing on this manual. The second is that of ideas. The dramatist who can play on both is in a different class to the one who can play only on the upper. It is Bernard Shaw's brilliant execution on the second key-board, with just enough plausibility in his touch upon the first, that has made him the most stimulating of contemporary dramatists. Then there is a third key-board, one which he has seldom touched, though he has done so. The people who have been most reluctant to admit his eminence are those who, if interested in ideas, do not value a work of art in proportion to the degrees in which ideas are embodied in it. They do not ask of the dramatist that they should leave the theatre with a clearer notion of what changes in thought or custom would increase well-being, but that they should be lifted above such suggestions by a mood in which exultation and detachment are blended. What they value—and how seldom they get it!—is the sense of sharing a contemplative attitude towards the whole of life; the exultation which works of intellectual beauty inspire. It is the greatest triumph of the dramatist, and it is one of almost insuperable difficulty, to achieve these three ends at once: to compose a story which is convincing about real people; to suggest by means of it ideas recognised as important or profound; and, lastly, to leave the spectator feeling that he has shared with a mind far greater than his own the privilege of feeling and thinking down to the very roots of life. When that is achieved another kind of pleasure is also transmitted to those capable of appreciating form, namely, a constant sense of fine adaptation of means to ends. Ibsen is the only modern dramatist who has played like a master on the three manuals of the great dramatic organ.

The Master Builder is a riveting story about unusual characters; it contains reflections upon vital relations between human beings, and it is also a drama made out of the struggles, triumphs and defeats of a profound artist. As we watch it we are living in the heart and mind of Ibsen himself. Solness is not Ibsen; he sees all round him. But Solness is made out of himself; the almost ugly tenacity of purpose which made him in old age dread the rivalry of "the young generation," destined at last to push him from his throne; his homelessness; his temptations to megalomania and wild subtle superstition; that sense which has haunted many men of genius of being driven by something not himself, a troll or dæmon (is it god or devil?), that cares not if it destroys its instrument; the lure to bathe and refresh his stiffening faculties in the spring of youth—and drown there—which Ibsen in middle-age resisted in the shape of a real "Princess of Orangia"; "the master-builder's" contempt for the work to which he had turned his hand making "homes for men and women" (Ibsen's social problem dramas), when his ambition to build a soaring church had failed (*Brand*, *Emperor and Galilean*); his giddiness (Ibsen's awareness of his own moral valetudinarianism, so humiliating a contrast to the daring of his thought), and above all Solness's sense of all the cost to himself, to those he had loved, of whatever he, like Ibsen, *had* achieved. What intolerable, sensitive remorse, what self-contempt for such scruples, what flickers of insane insight blind Solness to everything except the one glorious chance of escape (Hilda, youth!), if only he could climb as high as he can build; a chance which in reality is for him a lure to death. Such is the music in an old fighter's soul to which events march in this play, on the surface so queerly, so disconcertingly prosaic.

I have never seen so good a Solness as Mr. Franklin Dyall. Psychologically the actor must suggest the possibility of madness and the hardness of the man who has struggled for success. At both these points Mr. Dyall's performance excelled. He gave the impression (how odd his eyes can look) of a hag-ridden intensity and matter-of-fact determination, a deep imaginative weakness. Where he was not so good was in suggesting the charm of the artist's nature. The timing of the dialogue was not always correct; a few more pauses were needed, a moment's restless hesitation sometimes before speaking out of himself. When in the second act he challenges God, Mr. Dyall should avoid the ranting note. The speech is more tragic if spoken with bitterer, graver deliberation. One recurring point requires careful looking to. Solness has come to believe—it has been borne in on him by watching the correspondence between his inward and outward life—that he has a strange power not only of bringing about events he desires but of making others think the thoughts he wishes them to think. Whenever Hilda and "the master-builder" look deep into each other this is apt to happen. There is a moment when she cries, "You must have no rival!" and he answers eagerly, "*You* think that too!" Yet she is presently to make him give young Ragner his chance. Hilda should just suggest by her utterance that *her* thought was *his* transferred. Yet I have never seen a more approximately satisfactory English Hilda than Miss Beatrice Thomson. It is the most difficult part in the play, because so hard to make convincing. Hilda is a mixture of vital sex-aplomb and almost pathological childishness. I should like to give her two hints: one, when she is listening to Mrs. Solness pouring out her sorrows, Hilda should not be so ambiguously affected as she seemed to be. Hilda's sympathies are frozen by the pettiness to which disaster has reduced the poor woman, only painfully interested in her confession. When Mrs. Solness says "You mustn't laugh at me, Miss Wangel", Hilda should say *coldly*, not tenderly, "I am not laughing in the least." For presently she is to say to Solness himself, "I have just come up out of a tomb." Then, Miss Thomson did not stress enough the unthinking, yet self-delighting *cruelty* in Hilda; Hilda adores the master-builder, but she loves her power over him quite as much. It is that destructive emotion that puts the strange glee into her faith in him and their joint destiny. When she gets him to give Ragner power to compete with her hero there ought to be a touch of cat-like mischief in her words, "We must write very, very nicely and cordially—for this horrid Ruar—or whatever his name is," and when she makes him risk his life that egotistic ruthless thrill intensifies the excitement of her coming triumph. The triumph was to be hers even more than his. But Miss Thomson acted surprisingly well. The only other part which is of the first importance, Mrs. Solness, was also well played. Miss Merrall acted well that docile resignation which is more trying to a man than any nagging; we could believe, too, she was a dead woman walking. The performance at the Duchess Theatre is remarkably good.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Bolshie!

WHATEVER the merits of *The Red Light* as drama, its virtues as propaganda are undeniable. The great lesson which it instils is that if you read the wrong kind of newspaper for a sufficient number of years you will have the most dreadful dreams. Thus it was that Sir Herbert Lawrence (Mr. Basil Gill), hearing the noises of a General Strike outside his country house, spoke to his children of the "roaring of the tumbrils," "the writing on the wall," and "the fruits of the tree of knowledge"—all metaphors gained from his reading—and then lapsed into an unpleasant trance, during which he saw the real meaning of Revolution.

Had he himself not died early in the trance, he would have discovered that his granddaughter, aged sixteen, finding the prospects of an honest living uncomfortable, was willing to sell herself to a rich, dark-skinned foreigner, and that his daughter, married, was equally casual about her vows, for the sake of a few provisions—discoveries which no father of a family cares to make. Other items of the trance—sensitive, intelligent people's feelings disregarded by thug-revolutionaries and ludicrous, if painful, attempts to enforce an artificial equality among people naturally unequal would doubtless have been less surprising, and it is on these that he dwells on recovering his senses and once again warning his family, the General Strike being "off."

Am I misunderstanding Messrs. H. F. Maltby and John Trevor, or can it be that this piece at the New Theatre is really a warning against Bolshevism? In charity I hope not. And I fancy that Miss Olive Sloane, who, as a prostitute among the disgruntled aristocrats was fifty times more vital, human and (within limits) self-respecting than the rest of the gang put together, will agree with me.

Poodleham of Bletheroe

What is it that gives a comedy by Mr. C. K. Munro precedence over so many of the slick entertainments that are offered to us nowadays? Why do we go on smiling and, when it is all over, find that we have been moved more than we expected to be, in such an unaccustomed manner? It is not simply an absence of slickness that makes his humour essentially funnier than usual. But we are used to having our jokes, good, bad or indifferent, imposed on the surface and then carefully patted into a material that has little reference to life as it is lived. Mr. Munro's fun grows from within; from the characters themselves, whom he allows to create their own situations inevitably. These characters may be travesties, but in their translation from reality they lose none of their humour or their pathos. *Bletheroe*, which received its first performance last week at the Duchess Theatre in aid of the Mary Middleton and Margaret MacDonald Baby Clinic, was a good choice for a charity matinée, for it has all the merits of the occasional or party piece without any lack of substance. Lord Pughdellhulme (Poodleham, if you please), aptly played by Mr. A. Bromley Davenport, is a representative figure of Mr. Munro's fun at its best, and it is to be hoped that this matinée will not remain his only opportunity of seeing the footlights.

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

There is a lovely precision of movement and rhythmical balance in the ballets arranged by Miss Ninette de Valois at Sadler's Wells, and her own performance in the "Jackdaw and the Pigeons" was the most diverting thing of the evening. In the Danse Sacrée and Danse Profane I wished that the contrast between the two could have been more emphasised. The Danse Sacrée with its classical Greek poses was delightful, particularly in the final grouping, but surely the Danse Profane should have been much more profane. There was an air of restraint about it which seemed a little out of place. The only new item in the programme was "Fête Polonaise" with music by Glinka. This was a gay, delicious piece with some beautiful costumes.

First-rate Craftsmanship

The Hours Between, with Clive Brook (at the Carlton), is an adaptation of Louis Bromfield's novel *Twenty-four Hours*, and, even in these days of large-scale massacre, is a thrilling affair most ingeniously photographed, even down to the balloon glasses of cognac in Clive Brook's trembling hand. I am sorry that Clive Brook can never be shown us save in an advanced stage of intoxication, but I suppose that dipsomania is the inevitable result of Hollywood on the men of intelligence whom he portrays. In the 24 hours to which *The Hours Between* is confined three persons are "bumped off," everyone else suspected, and the third degree applied with the usual harrowing accompaniments. The only criticism is that the action collapses rather arbitrarily, the dénouement in the end being huddled into a bare five minutes. This film had the advantage of being taken from the work of a novelist as excellent as Mr. Bromfield, and a good deal of his intelligence permeated the matter of the film. The show scenes in New York were also original and effective. Ultimately, *The Hours Between* is just commercial work which does not pretend to be anything else. But the continuity and the photography are perfectly done. *The Hours Between* provides, in fact, an object lesson in "how to do it." Whatever may be the faults of Paramount, they never scamp their work, and obviously have at their disposal a small army of first-rate craftsmen.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, November 28th—
- Royal Choral Society. Conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Albert Hall, 2.30.
- Solomon, Piano Recital, Grotrian Hall, 3.15.

Sunday, November 29th—
- Michael Farbman on "The International Significance of the Five Years' Plan," Conway Hall, 11.
- "Stepdaughters of War," by Kenyon Nicholson, Embassy Theatre.
- "The Home Front," by Diana and Bruce Hamilton, Grafton Theatre.
- Camargo Society's Performance, Savoy Theatre.

Monday, November 30th—
- Moscow Arts Players in "Crime and Punishment," by Dostoevsky, Kingsway Theatre.
- "Britannia of Billingsgate," by Christine Jope-Slade and Sewell Stokes, St. Martin's Theatre.
- "Fear," by Lord Lathom, Q Theatre.
- Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, December 1st—
- Dr. Percy Dearmer on "Later Sculpture, 13th to 14th Centuries," King's College, 5.30.
- "Flat to Let," by Arthur Macrae, Criterion Theatre.
- Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Old Vic.

Wednesday, December 2nd—
- Moscow Arts Players in four plays by Tchechov, Kingsway Theatre.
- Ronald C. Davison on "Juvenile Employment," Caxton Hall, 8.30.
- B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, December 3rd—
- J. Dover Wilson on "Matthew Arnold and the Educationalists," King's College, 5.15.
- Royal Philharmonic Society, Conducted by Basil Cameron, Queen's Hall.
- Miss Tuke on "Women Under William IV," Bedford College, 5.15.
- Mr. John Masefield, Reading of his poems, The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MOST of the more bouncing fun in Mr. Bernard Shaw's Frank Harris' *Bernard Shaw* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) is provided by Mr. Bernard Shaw; but the greatest laugh is certainly due to a sentence of Frank Harris, whose recent death deprived us of an artist who only lacked humour to achieve greatness as a novelist, essayist and writer of plays. Frank Harris, reading not once only the letter he had extracted from Mr. Shaw about his sexual life—a letter in which that most discreet of candid persons plays Ham to his own Noah (and small blame to him with Frank geeking under the lattice of fig-leaves!), remarks with a most disarming seriousness: "If Shaw is a normal man, then Frank Harris is an abnormal one." That must be one of the most mirth-provoking sentences that ever occurred in a biographical essay. Harris is apparently completely sincere in his bland assumption that either Shaw or he must be normal. It never seems to occur to him—for the same hypothesis runs throughout the book—that no one except Frank Harris would ever think of Harris as normal, no one but Bernard Shaw would doubt the abnormality of G. B. S. Years ago G. B. S. told us that an oculist had given him a certificate of normal eyesight—something which could be granted to not more than—what was it?—one person in 100,000; and some of us immediately decided that if normal eyesight was so rare, there was no particular point in calling it normal. I suppose there is no greater evidence of abnormality than the insistence to be regarded as normal; and this insistence is one of the few natural links between Mr. Bernard Shaw and his latest biographer.

* * *

It was an odd toss of the dice which brought them together. Frank Harris, after a stormy career in "Galway, Liverpool, New York, Chicago, Kansas, Athens, Heidelberg, Plevna and Paris," came to London in 1882. In the early 'nineties he bought the *Saturday Review*.

> I knew that Shaw was exhausted as a music critic and could now only repeat himself—he admitted as much—and, anyway, I did not want Yates' leavings. When he had done a review or two for me I proposed that he should do a weekly theatre feuilleton for *The Saturday*.

This was in 1894, and Shaw wrote that weekly article until the spring of 1898, when he was succeeded by Max. Throughout this volume Frank Harris, with that gusto and vitality which distinguished all his work, acts to admiration the part of the hen who hatches an unexpected egg. He feels, in an odd way, responsible for Shaw, and yet it is plain enough that all he really appreciated in Shaw is what is most superficial—the manner, the apparent insolence, the bravado, the panache, anything but the actual, essential G. B. S. He does not really understand his early contributor's genius, and he is puzzled at his success.

> I was curiously disappointed in the early plays. I had expected something more vital from Shaw. He sent me his first volume, *Plays Unpleasant*, and I could not see how they could succeed. All talky-talky, it seemed to me, when action alone is effective, and having written *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry* myself, a play which ran one hundred and fifty nights in London, and brought money in floods both to Mrs. Patrick Campbell and to me, I thought I knew the trick; and yet Shaw's talky-talky later held the public and I confessed humbly that I did not know the game.

The humility is not very genuine. This strangest of biographers goes on to insinuate that theatrical success depends on "personal relationships" and other green-room arcana, a knowledge of which he ascribes to Mr. Shaw, who has, with some glorious exceptions, done more miscasting than any other dramatist of our day.

* * *

> Shaw had told me that he preserved his virginity continently until he was twenty-nine. Those who have read *My Life and Loves* will understand that I found this incredible and inconceivable on any assumption that Shaw is a normal man. I speculated on the possibility of some constitutional infirmity in him, and on the insufficiency of his silly vegetarian diet. . . .

So poor old Frank Harris maunders on about lust and its satisfaction, armed in his obstinate conviction that there is something "curious" or impotent in all men who do not begin a life of sexual experience about as early as the wretched old whore in *The Satyricon* of Petronius. What must have disappointed him was to discover, when he did finally bully Shaw into a confession, that G. B. S. was perfectly correct in his statement that "you can learn nothing about your sitter (or Biographee) from a mere record of his gallantries." Frank Harris here makes the same mistake as he did in his judgment of the plays. He confuses vitality with something physical—something that has smell and emotional violence. This man of genuine artistic attainments does not believe in intellectual vitality, nor understand a talent whose expression, except occasionally in humour and an odd, abashed surrender to physical bickering, has always been mainly intellectual. Harris, in spite of his prominence as an editor who encouraged young authors, belonged in taste and practice to an older fashion; in the short story he remained faithful to the tradition of Maupassant, in the novel to that variation of French naturalism which we owe to Mr. George Moore, in criticism to that subjective, sentimental school that insists on making the hero of the biography take on the ideal likeness that romantic enthusiasm has fashioned for him.

* * *

No one, I suppose, could misunderstand Bernard Shaw so completely as does Frank Harris, except Mr. Shaw himself. They do not make the same errors; and the reader who knows Shaw's work, has read Mr. Chesterton's analysis of Mr. Shaw the Puritan, and can find the facts from Henderson's vast biography, will be able to resist the cloud of unseeing which hangs over the greater part of this work. Harris had one fatal flaw in his critical apparatus, if he wished to appreciate Shaw. He did not like broad humour, or the tomfoolery which he woefully complains is so evident in Dickens; he is amazed that Shaw should embark on "an attempt to make out that tomfoolery is a part of a great English literary tradition." Yet where, without tomfoolery, would be much of Harris' adored Shakespeare? It is the tomfoolery in Shaw, and the comic genius that so disconcert him. Harris was a solemn bloke, as are nearly all positive, loud-voiced men; and he was irked at the lack of solemnity in this contributor who, when faced "with a big literary opportunity," evaded and belittled it "with some jape that merely made it ridiculous." There is something in Harris' complaint. We are apt to exaggerate the value of a sense of humour, or at least so I say, and then remember the disastrous effects of its complete absence, as in D. H. Lawrence. Perhaps only supreme lyric poet can be excused the discipline of laughter. It is odd that Harris, misled by the mere accent of Shaw's style, should miss so much that is quite untouched by the intruding slap-stick. He liked, it seems, *Candida* and *Heartbreak House*; but what blinded him to the fine passion in *John Bull's Other Island*, the social irony in the portrait of Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, the imaginative grasp, so sure in spite of its anachronisms, of *Saint Joan?* I can only think that Harris was, all his life, governed by the disillusionment of their old associations. "What, G. B. S.—his G. B. S.!—write a good, serious play? Impossible! Why, I once gave him £6 6s. a week to do the theatre for me. A neat talent, but no depth, my boy, no force: he would eat macaroni at the Café Royal, and drank water!" Yet once Frank Harris does criticise Shaw with devastating effect. He was not a scholar; but in his letter about *Androcles and the Lion* he shows an understanding of the synoptic gospels which leaves G. B. S.'s preface looking a very amateur performance.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Apartments to Let. By NORAH HOULT. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
Sublunary. By L. E. MARTIN. Constable. 7s. 6d.
Reconstruction. By RONALD GURNER. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Theme, shape, treatment—everything very much in the modern manner, though not, it must be added, in the ultra-impressionistic manner. Miss Hoult's technique is one that presents no difficulties to readers impatient of experiments: she is straightforward and workmanlike. Temperamentally perhaps, as well as technically, her affinity is with the little French masters: her "school," I suppose, is that of Maupassant. There is much to be learnt in that school: design, economy, emotional detachment from the subject, the dramatic value of irony, and the art of elimination and suggestion. These are all excellent things, and they alone would suffice to make Miss Hoult the distinguished writer she undoubtedly is. She is honest and ruthless. She tells the truth and nothing but the truth, but not, I suspect, the whole truth. I dare not say that she takes account of everything in human nature except the human soul, for that word is suspect, and with good reason: it suggests either a tiresome theological enigma or those "dreadful musings in old-world gardens" of which Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith so deliciously complains. Yet something seems to be left out, some core of warmth, some saving grace of kindliness. It would be more than unfair, however, to make this generalisation a pretext for adverse criticism; for Miss Hoult is entitled to her artistic preferences, and these have led her to choose her people from among the defeated, the self-loving, and the self-pitying. She selects her specimens with care and exposes them with skill, and with almost (but not quite) the impersonal scientific enthusiasm of the naturalist. She pins each dowdy butterfly to the board and invites us to observe its wriggling. The idea of taking a lodging house and turning it inside out—of drilling a peep-hole into the mind of each several inmate so that we can watch its cerebrations—does not strike me as being altogether new; but, if it has been done before, it has never been done more cleverly than by Miss Hoult. Her shrewdness is at once a devastation and a delight.

> Sometimes Miss Crossley thought of herself as a woman, in which case she always had a picture of someone disillusioned, wise, subtle and alluring; sometimes she was only a girl. When she was a girl, she was frail, perhaps slightly pathetic, fighting her way against the world; or, on the other hand, irresponsible and gay, wanting to have a good time, as it was natural a girl should.

This Miss Crossley is hard, selfish and shallow, but not, fundamentally, a bad sort. Leonard Willoughby, the architect's clerk, is a very ordinary young man sentimentally in love: appetite and prudery are at war in him, so that the springs of passion are muddied at their source. Josephine Moore is a neurotic, sex-starved, imprisoned in herself, succumbing ultimately to a persecution mania: painful reading this, case-book stuff, the details being set down with a thoroughness which the layman can admire but with a patience which he cannot always share. Mr. Hobson is Mr. Hobson; and Mrs. Peabody, the landlady, is dreary and unlovable, both within and without. "No. 14, Drakesferry Road" seems, indeed, to be a synonym for hell. It is a house of the damned. Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are at home there; vulgarity is all-pervasive; the light of humanity gleams fitfully in this murky and poisoned atmosphere. But, when all is said, Miss Hoult's penetration is little short of marvellous: she has done admirably what she set out to do. Her style is so adequate to her purpose that it may seem ungracious to remark that she sometimes gets muddled in her tenses. A critic who concerns himself with grammar is nowadays accounted a dull fellow; yet I unashamedly contend that it is a pity to write "she had thought she would have been all right" (a frequent mistake of Miss Hoult's) when "she had thought she would be all right" is what is meant.

Miss L. E. Martin has written a first novel that is more than promising. It opens with a plain statement: "Guy Tyndale thought of himself as a man eaten out inside." And the first chapter is a subtle elaboration of this theme. It culminates, this first chapter, in the man's attempt to root himself in earth, and make himself real, by marrying a casually encountered village girl. Ellen is solid and stupid, lovely and loving: she brings him, for a time, satisfaction. But the emptiness within him is not finally appeased; it spreads outward, invades his reason, impels him to murderous-amorous hatred of the woman, and drives him at last into the war. He is killed, and the story proceeds with his son and his widow as its focal point. This break in continuity, this shifting of interest, is unfortunate from an architectural point of view; and if the novel falls short of complete success, as I think it does, it is because, while lacking a unifying theme, it is not copious enough, not sufficiently broad and detailed, to persuade us that a unifying theme is unnecessary. Miss Martin finds more spiritual significance in the human animal than does Miss Hoult; and her style is as sensitive as her vision; but her instinct for form, her purely sculptural ability, is less sure. There is freshness and originality in *Sublunary*; there is realism and poetry; and there is a decided gift of phrase, as this quotation must show:

> . . . without sensation, without movement, without thought or purpose, there was a hard concentration of her consciousness in the one feeling of bodily existence. As if it were a smooth ball she held in her hand, perceived by a single sensation of roundness, she knew the rhythm of her body, the fine flowing curve of her thighs, the little buds of breasts, one round like a water-drop on a nasturtium leaf, the other flattened by the pull of her arm stretched up. She felt her soft palm turned upwards on the pillow. She knew even the carved notches of her spine. She did not move, she lay basking in suave and finished beauty, hardened from the tentative and quivering loveliness of earlier nights.

Reconstruction is apparently Mr. Gurner's fifth novel, but it bears many traces of the novice's hand. The story concerns a martinet and prig named Roger Carbury, who combines in his person the characteristic faults of the schoolmaster and the soldier. Throughout the book he is referred to by his full name—an exasperating mannerism borrowed (unconsciously, no doubt) from melodrama. But it would be waste of time to criticise the book as literature: it does not exist in that category. I take it to be something in the nature of a sociological thesis illustrated by incident and enlivened (though the word is flattery) by dialogue. Its theme is stated on the dust-cover to be "the clash of the pre-war and war-time mind with that of the present generation." Let me show you a plum or two from the top of the basket:

> . . . It was, indeed, this latter aspect of his work that lay nearest to Roger Carbury's heart. Arrangements for demobilisation as such were, after all, to a large extent a matter of executive efficiency; but the issues involved in reconstruction responded to something that lay deep in his inmost nature. There was a streak of rectitude akin to Calvinism in Roger Carbury's being; an insistence upon ethical considerations that gave a certain ruthlessness as well as austere dignity to his general outlook. . . . Behind each separate allocation of man-power to industry there was, to Roger Carbury, a sense of moral purpose. Lathes, picks and shovels, and fountain pens should take the place of guns and bayonets as weapons in a greater Holy War. There should be organisation indeed, but behind organisation ideals and high intent; every stone, if Roger Carbury was to have a hand in the rebuilding, should, etc., etc.

To all who find this sample attractive the book may be confidently recommended. In fairness to the author it must be made clear that he dislikes Roger Carbury as much, or nearly as much, as we do.

GERALD BULLETT.

TWO GUIDE-BOOKS TO THE MIDDLE AGES

The Middle Ages. (Two Volumes.) The History of the Middle Ages. By PROFESSOR J. WESTFALL THOMPSON. Kegan Paul. 42s. and 21s.

Here are two thoroughly American books, which yet may find a public "on this side." Professor Westfall Thompson knows exactly what he is about. One of his objects has been to produce a business-like text-book aimed straight at that alert but preoccupied person the university student. Four hundred pages is about as much as he will stand on any one of his many subjects of study, and those pages must tell him all he ought to know about it. There may be suggestions for further reading at the end of each chapter, but these are counsels of perfection. The big men, the big events, the big movements must all be fitted in according to scale: Diocletian and St. Francis, Frederick Barbarossa and Gerson, Charlemagne and Leo Battista Alberti, Bohemund and St. Thomas Aquinas—each must have his allowance of dates, facts and descriptive details. Lesser figures must be content with a bare mention. Nothing important must be shirked, and whatever is introduced must be clearly explained; so monasticism and the manor, the

Arian heresy and the nominalist-realist controversy, gilds and fairs, troubadours and templars, fiefs and flying buttresses, each get what they deserve, enough space and no more to make sure that, though you have never heard of them before, you could answer at least one direct question about each of them. Really difficult things like the mediæval doctrine of substance are made intelligible by ingenious modern parallels. And underlying all the brisk narrative and methodical exposition there runs the persistent affirmation of the claim that the Middle Ages, the whole twelve centuries of them, are really "worth while"; that it is not a waste of time to read about people who believed in clerical celibacy, made a cult of the Virgin, were burnt for their opinions, and shot at each other with cross-bows; that none has a right to patronise or pity mediæval mankind because their sanitation was sometimes (not always) defective, or because most (not all) of them believed that the earth was flat, and some (but a steadily decreasing number), so far from enjoying a natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, were serfs. American text-books are not like ours, grim tests of youth's capacity to endure unmitigated boredom; they make concessions to human nature and seem to recognise that the most conscientious reader will dance all the harder and longer for being piped to steadily on a cheerful note. College text-book though it be, Professor Thompson's *History* makes very fair reading.

So in their way do the other two volumes, which cover in greater detail almost the same period, often in the same words. *The Middle Ages*, like its condensation, is aimed at a particular section of the American public, this time not the college student but the "serious reader." This robust individual has no need to keep his natural curiosity under strict control; so long as he is not bewildered with controversies or befogged by uncertainty there need be no fear that his interest in new things, new facts and new people will ever flag. So Professor Thompson can let himself go: take more than twice as much space as he allowed himself in the text-book, open out on mediæval music, on the Mongols of the twelfth century, and on his own special studies like that of the eastern expansion of Germany, fit in quantities of quotations from his own wide reading, and give to name after name and to event after event the embellishments of adjective and anecdote of which they had, in the text-book, to be ruthlessly stripped. The Emperor Henry V is that and no more in the *History*: here he becomes "one of the most perfidious, coldly calculating, intriguing, brutal, selfish and arrogant of mediæval rulers." Where so much is given, it would be ungracious to ask for more. Professor Thompson is not writing for scholars: he has so much to tell that he could not, even if he would, stop to explain how he arrived at his conclusions and what is the evidence on which they are based. From time to time he pauses to mention some exploded fallacy like the view that Joan of Arc was a patriot: and surely for such obsolete nonsense a bare mention is enough? His business is to tell his public what they ought to know, not to confuse them with the wranglings of the experts or the fallacies of the unorthodox. Professor Thompson is both learned and up to date: if he does not know the truth about the Middle Ages, who does?

THE CHINESE PROBLEM

Through the Dragon's Eyes. By L. C. ARLINGTON. With a foreword by E. ALABASTER. Constable. 21s.

China, The Collapse of a Civilisation. By NATHANIEL PEFFER. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Even such a concatenation of crises as that which now deafens our ears, cannot drown the insistent crescendo of two major themes, the dominating issues of contemporary civilisation. They are, on the one hand, the issue between capitalist civilisation and something different, which is as yet imperfectly manifest in Russia alone, and, on the other hand, the issue between East and West. In a sense, the latter is as old as history, but it is now transformed out of recognition by the same force which created the other problem, the force of modern industrialism. For, whereas the long procession of past centuries saw in turn an encroaching East or an encroaching West, these encroachments made no real assault upon the integrity of two distinct civilisations, such as that which Western industrialism has made upon Eastern civilisation during the past fifty years.

No aspect of the Oriental problem is more important than the future of the continent which we call China, and on none is it more difficult to obtain the data for an adequate diagnosis. Language cuts us off from the thought of China with a completeness which has no parallel in the case of Western countries, or even of India, which has become habituated to expressing itself bilingually. Those who write about the country (if we abstract scholars who confine themselves to an interpretation of the old civilisation and travellers retailing superficial impressions) fall into two classes, the "old China hands," and the journalists, with whom one may group (with impartial apologies to both), the professors. The former have many of the requisites for a first-hand knowledge, but their diagnosis is constantly marred, either by some special *parti pris* of their own (such as missionary fervour, a nostalgia for the old China, or the so-called "Shanghai mind") or simply by ignorance of the West, which conceals the issues as effectively as ignorance of the East. The journalists, on the other hand, usually have a grasp of general problems and some power of philosophic generalisation, but lack the intimate knowledge of China, which they must perforce "get up" from books and interviews.

Neither group of writers, moreover, is able adequately to present the Chinese point of view. They may imagine that they are looking "through the dragon's eye," but the best of them are only the motes therein. The Chinese themselves (so far as can be judged from what has been translated) have not thrown much light upon the problem. It is only necessary to set *Das Kapital* beside the *San Min Chu I* to realise what our understanding of the social problem has gained and our understanding of the Oriental problem lost by the fact that the former has been diagnosed in a way which at least lays bare the issues, while the latter has been neither diagnosed nor even adequately stated.

Obscure as the outlines of the real issue are, the reflections of both the China hand and the journalist are doing at least something to clarify them, within the limitations suggested above. The two books under review are good examples of the two classes. Mr. Arlington's is a first-hand account of his own highly adventurous career, fifty years of which has been spent in Chinese

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government service first in the Navy, then in the maritime customs, and finally in the postal service. He is both shrewd and entertaining, the sidelight on westernisation which he gives from his own angle of experience is valuable and his judgments are often extremely acute. His book is one of the most readable reminiscences of an old China hand that the reviewer has come across, and historians will probably take note of some of its revelations—*e.g.*, the author's account of recent developments in the affair of the maritime customs. It is a footnote to history.

Mr. Peffer's work, on the other hand, is founded upon no such intimate knowledge of China; it is a good specimen of the journalist class, though not so good as Professor Holcombe's recent study of the Chinese Revolution. He attempts a general diagnosis, and since he has sympathy and intelligence, his diagnosis is worth reading, more particularly as he has an excellent structural framework and a readable style. Essentially, he argues, the problem of China is comprised in three statements—first, China contains nearly a quarter of the human race; secondly, it has the oldest continued civilisation still surviving; and thirdly, under the pressure of the times, it must completely alter the spirit and form of that civilisation and rebuild the society which rests upon it. If the West had entered by a process of natural penetration a slow evolutionary adjustment might have been possible, but the manner of its entry deprived China of all choice. Now one social system has lost its sanctions and no other with sanctions equally binding has as yet replaced it. The result is the present chaos, a vacuum, a hiatus, in which the future remains obscure, though it is plain that China, having merged itself in the twentieth century world, must live by the terms of that world or go down.

Mr. Peffer's analysis of the historical development of the problem is clear; and in grasping some of its manifestations to-day he has used his eyes to good purpose. He is particularly acute in his diagnosis of the educational chaos. An American himself, he can seize with intimate understanding on the effect of the earliest Americanised missionary education, often imparted by a class whose own culture was perhaps as narrow as any to be found on the globe, and consisting in "a mere importation of subjects, mutually unrelated and without the source of their inspiration."

> The cosmology was that of a world which began in all earnestness in 1776. And it is not too much of a caricature to say that thousands of Chinese children grow to the age of sixteen without any clear knowledge that there ever existed on this planet more than three men worthy of emulation, Christ, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln.

The fault has been common, in a greater or lesser degree, to most systems of Western education introduced into the East, and the parents of the British system in India and Burma cannot cast the first stone. Yet it is difficult for an observer to resist the feeling that the Americanised type of education which prevails in China and to some extent in Japan, is not only ill adapted to the needs of oriental civilisation, but has largely failed to convey the ethos of Western culture to the Far East. At all events, it has played its part in denationalising China.

EILEEN POWER.

MR. TURNER'S PSYCHE

Pursuit of Psyche. By W. J. TURNER. Wishart. 3s. 6d.

Readers of Mr. Turner's criticism must at times have been bewildered or infuriated by his fickleness of opinion. He has sent the mercury of appreciation flying up the column as when one puts a thermometer too near a fire; the next minute he has plunged it in two inches of icy water. Here are Verdi, Mozart and Mr. Schnabel going up, up—won't the thing explode? At the other end Wagner—poor, tottering, pale Wagner—now not even an alloyed genius, but a mere conjuror, is doomed to disappear altogether. From time to time Mr. Turner seems to be saying, "Here you are—fire and ice; take them, but don't let them mix unless you want a damp fizzle." The reader grumbles, "I don't call this criticism," but goes on reading. Mr. Turner wins.

And yet there is a consistency in his writings which a casual reader or an opponent may fail to notice. It is not only that Mr. Turner has very good reasons for changing his mind, and a singularly honest way of doing it, but that whatever he writes—in prose or verse—is the outcome of a consistent experience. That experience is, briefly, the search, so often hopeless, for imaginative perfection. Outside the lives of poets it is seldom met with and generally misunderstood. One may question the value of its existence in a critic—though it will give him impetus whatever he loses in balance—but hardly in a poet. Mr. Turner thinks instinctively as a poet, even when he is thinking badly. In much accomplished verse one feels the lack of a background of specific experience; that the author is trying mistakenly to find expression for his "deepest" feelings, or his fancies as the case may be, neither of which are necessarily poetical. Mr. Turner's poetry gives an opposite impression—the experience behind it is essential, the expression wayward and varying. Almost any poem of his is richer in overtones than in its tone-surface. In *Pursuit of Psyche* he says of these "phantoms of the brain" (the poet's experience):

> Lovelier beyond compare these shadows are,
> But shadows of nothingness that cannot stain
> With mortal outlines their immortal sight.
>
> They dance between the lines of poesy
> A ghostly ballet, winding through music's sounds
> They are the "spirit ditties of no tone." . . .

That is particularly true of Mr. Turner's poetry, and because we, as well as Mr. Turner, feel the presence of these ghosts, it is an important quality of his work. The change in his poetry during the last fifteen years from contemplation to activity, from the picture found to the quest, has accentuated this quality. The impulse is stronger and more evident, the form less composed. Here, perhaps, is a falling-off of workmanship, or rather a lag, but it is more than compensated by the greater impact of the poet's mind.

Pursuit of Psyche is the most important of Mr. Turner's poems both in aim and execution, and in many ways I think it is his best. In a sense it is a summing-up, and yet the essence of it is *movement*, the free movement of the imagination taking shape.

> The sea carves innumerable shells
> Rolling itself into crystalline curves
> The cressets of its faintest sighs
> Flickering into filigreed whorls
> Its lustre into mother-of-pearl
> Its mystery into fishes' eyes
> Its billowing abundance into whales
> Around and under the poles.

TARA

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Pursuit of Psyche. By W. J. TURNER. Wishart. 3s. 6d.

Readers of Mr. Turner's criticism must at times have been bewildered or infuriated by his fickleness of opinion. He has sent the mercury of appreciation flying up the column as when one puts a thermometer too near a fire; the next minute he has plunged it in two inches of icy water. Here are Verdi, Mozart and Mr. Schnabel going up, up—won't the thing explode? At the other end Wagner—poor, tottering, pale Wagner—now not even an alloyed genius, but a mere conjuror, is doomed to disappear altogether. From time to time Mr. Turner seems to be saying, "Here you are—fire and ice; take them, but don't let them mix unless you want a damp fizzle." The reader grumbles, "I don't call this criticism," but goes on reading. Mr. Turner wins.

And yet there is a consistency in his writings which a casual reader or an opponent may fail to notice. It is not only that Mr. Turner has very good reasons for changing his mind, and a singularly honest way of doing it, but that whatever he writes—in prose or verse—is the outcome of a consistent experience. That experience is, briefly, the search, so often hopeless, for imaginative perfection. Outside the lives of poets it is seldom met with and generally misunderstood. One may question the value of its existence in a critic—though it will give him impetus whatever he loses in balance—but hardly in a poet. Mr. Turner thinks instinctively as a poet, even when he is thinking badly. In much accomplished verse one feels the lack of a background of specific experience; that the author is trying mistakenly to find expression for his "deepest" feelings, or his fancies as the case may be, neither of which are necessarily poetical. Mr. Turner's poetry gives an opposite impression—the experience behind it is essential, the expression wayward and varying. Almost any poem of his is richer in overtones than in its tone-surface. In *Pursuit of Psyche* he says of these "phantoms of the brain" (the poet's experience):

> Lovelier beyond compare these shadows are,
> But shadows of nothingness that cannot stain
> With mortal outlines their immortal sight.
>
> They dance between the lines of poesy
> A ghostly ballet, winding through music's sounds
> They are the "spirit ditties of no tone." . . .

That is particularly true of Mr. Turner's poetry, and because we, as well as Mr. Turner, feel the presence of these ghosts, it is an important quality of his work. The change in his poetry during the last fifteen years from contemplation to activity, from the picture found to the quest, has accentuated this quality. The impulse is stronger and more evident, the form less composed. Here, perhaps, is a falling-off of workmanship, or rather a lag, but it is more than compensated by the greater impact of the poet's mind.

Pursuit of Psyche is the most important of Mr. Turner's poems both in aim and execution, and in many ways I think it is his best. In a sense it is a summing-up, and yet the essence of it is *movement*, the free movement of the imagination taking shape.

> The sea carves innumerable shells
> Rolling itself into crystalline curves
> The cressets of its faintest sighs
> Flickering into filigreed whorls
> Its lustre into mother-of-pearl
> Its mystery into fishes' eyes
> Its billowing abundance into whales
> Around and under the poles.

TARA

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It is a poet's creation, with its own Eden in which desire first dimly recognises itself, and through centuries of love and art and science desire "breaks with fury of creation," seeking ever new forms.

Something eludes, it is the butterfly
Forth-fluttering from dead lips—
Immortal light on dusk-streaked wings of Time.
Put forth a hand and its cromatic fan
Point-vanishes—life-colour's white eclipse!
But there's the corpse, the much-embracing man
In whom some phantom wrestled till that mime
Leapt from the theatre leaving mind and body.

O ask not whither, ask not of a Dream!
For (as a prism
Breaking white light into a coloured bow
Ground into dust will not disclose the beam)
The body smashed to atoms will not show
The lover, who despairing of the schism
'Twixt him and her—that though she solid seem
Is but a phantom—knows not he cannot know.

And I have seen a dancer out of Java
Dancing the dance of harvest and of seeding
Face bland and beautiful a mask of Buddha
With moving body (like a dark stream of lava
At fertilising task fire-imaged on air)
Enchain in rhythm supernatural breeding
Enchanted reaping, seen a spirit bask,
Like sun on cornlight, on his body bare.

These stanzas give some idea of the movement of the poem, and of its form, which is half rhapsody and half mythical narrative in varying eight-line stanzas. Those who read it without an eye for specks must be astonished and delighted by its directness, passion and frequent loveliness of speech. An intensely personal free-running rhythm takes the accumulation of thought and imagery in its flight. *Pursuit of Psyche* has the faults of much of Mr. Turner's poetry, unconscious repetition, a mingling of the senses which is too often strained, the vague beating of wings; but to catalogue them would give a wrong idea of their importance. They count, but not heavily, against the many fine qualities of the poem. Perfection is not a part of Mr. Turner's genius: perhaps that is what makes his pursuit of it so strangely exciting. G. W. STONIER.

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THE FUTURE OF LANCASHIRE

Lancashire and the Far East. By FREDA UTLEY. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Even before the world slump began, the exports of cotton piece-goods from Lancashire had fallen off to little more than half their pre-war amount. The cotton industry as a whole was working at barely half its producive capacity: there was widespread unemployment involving hundreds of thousands of workers; many firms had gone bankrupt, and been sold up; and many more were existing only on heavy overdrafts from the banks, which they had no real prospect of paying off. The situation has got even worse since then; and though at this moment the departure from the gold standard has done a little to revive Lancashire's exports, there is no sign at all of any real recovery.

This prostration of what has been for over a century by far the greatest of British export trades is undoubtedly due in part to internal causes. The insane speculation in cotton mill shares during the boom of 1920, the reflotation of businesses at fictitious capital values, the increase of loans and debentures, and the sweeping away of working capital into the speculators' pockets left the industry with an impossible burden of fixed interest charges, and mostly mortgaged to the banks. Lancashire is itself greatly to blame both for the aggravation of its troubles during those years of artificial prosperity, and for its utter failure to set its house in order during the decade that has gone by since the bubble burst. But Lancashire's troubles are not only, or even mainly, of her own making; and had the affairs of the cotton industry been conducted with the utmost sagacity and foresight, instead of being mismanaged in every possible way, its plight would still have been serious enough.

For the cotton trade has in the past exported, in one form or another, at least four-fifths of its total product; and the great bulk of these exports have gone to the markets of the Far East, above all to India, and next to China. But even before the war India was fast developing a cotton manufacture of her own, based on her own home-produced raw material; and the Lancashire exporter was meeting with still more formidable competition from the rapidly developing cotton industry of Japan. China was also in the field as a producer, for her own domestic consumption; and it was easy to see that in all these countries native manufacture was certain to increase, and to become, on a basis of very cheap labour, a dangerous competitor of the Lancashire trade. The war, by reducing supplies from Great Britain, gave an immense impetus to Far Eastern production, especially in Japan; but the war only speeded up a development that was bound to occur before long in any case.

Miss Utley set out on her travels to the Far East with the object of investigating the condition of the cotton industry, primarily in Japan, and of estimating the effects of Far Eastern competition on the future of Lancashire's staple manufacture. As far as Japan is concerned, she has done her work with very great skill and thoroughness; and her study both of the Japanese conditions and of the terms of Japanese competition with Great Britain, goes far beyond anything that has hitherto been done in this field. India and China are dealt with fully as markets, but much less fully in relation to their own conditions of manufacture. And the upshot of Miss Utley's careful investigation is to sweep away all hope that Lancashire can possibly regain the greater part of the Far Eastern markets that she has lost. For the cotton manufacture is an industry in which cheap labour counts for a great deal, if only it can once be brought up to a certain minimum of efficiency. Asiatic labour is certainly far less efficient than British labour; but, especially in Japan, the difference is not nearly big enough—save in the finest quality products—to make up for the discrepancies in wages and other working costs.

Miss Utley gives a detailed picture of working conditions in Japan, where the mills are manned chiefly by young girls virtually indentured for a couple of years, and the extreme poverty and fertility of the peasants ensure a constant supply of fresh labour at very low wages. She admits that, in the larger mills, working conditions have been substantially improved of late; but the intensity of work, she thinks, has been rising even faster. Conditions are worse in China and India than in Japan; but labour, especially in India, is also markedly less efficient, so that Japanese costs tend to be lowest. Even if wages rise and conditions are further improved, Miss Utley sees no hope in this for Lancashire; for she is sure that efficiency will be made to rise faster still.

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Interwoven with her account of the cotton trade is a running commentary on the social and economic conditions and the politics of the Far East, and on the working of capitalist Imperialism in relation to the Eastern Countries. The Japanese industry, she points out, has received every possible help from the State, including aid in the provision of capital; whereas shortage of capital and lack of State encouragement—due largely to Lancashire hostility—have held back the industrialisation of India, which is likely to go forward much faster as the strength of the British rule is relaxed.

In short, this is an important book; and it is also exceedingly interesting—no dry-as-dust study without a moral, though it is plentifully adorned with facts and figures, but a penetrating analysis of one of the most vital economic problems of our day. Every Lancashire manufacturer and merchant ought to read it, and reshape his policy in accordance with the plain warning which it conveys.

THE MAGIC OF MALAYA

The Soul of Malaya. By HENRI FAUCONNIER. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Mathews and Marrot. 9s. net.

With the verdict by which M. Fauconnier was awarded the Prix Goncourt, old residents in Malaya will, with one emphatic demurrer, readily concur. To suggest, as some of M. Fauconnier's English eulogists have done, that prior to the publication of *Malaisie*, the literature on British Malaya consisted solely of the prospectuses and reports of once prosperous and now derelict rubber and tin companies, betokens an astonishing ignorance. The output of books on Malaya since the establishment of the British protectorate has not been large, but several of them have been of exceptional quality. Sir Frank Swettenham's *Malay Sketches* and *The Real Malay* and Sir Hugh Clifford's *Studies in Brown Humanity* and *In Court and Kampong*, four classics of their kind, were written when M. Fauconnier was still in the cradle; while to say that the author of *Malaisie* manages to capture and convey the Malayan atmosphere with the same sympathy and skill which Sir George Maxwell displayed in *In Malay Forests*, published before the War, is to praise him very highly indeed. All this is in no disparagement of M. Fauconnier, but in justice to his predecessors. Purists again might quarrel with the somewhat catchpenny title which the author, the translator, or the publisher, has chosen for the English version, for here is no attempt to penetrate and dissect the intangible "Soul" of Malaya. This is a collection of impressionist sketches of certain aspects of life in Malaya seen by a young French rubber planter; a record of the responses and reactions of an essentially Latin temperament and a typically post-war mind to the appeal of a tropical country and an alien race to whose haunting beauty and subtle attractions he readily succumbed. Such a standpoint applied to such conditions entails obvious limitations. Clearly the author has allowed himself a good deal of licence, and it would be easy for the captious or ungenerous critic to pick holes in his production, to object that he approaches his subject steeped in the Proustian tradition rather than the Sejarah Melayu or the tomes of Blagden and Skeat, and that he idealises his Malays out of all recognition, endowing them with qualities and inflicting them with complexes altogether foreign to their nature. But these objections disappear if we accept *Malaisie* for what it really is—just a fine piece of fanciful writing, and not as an attempt at a serious interpretation of men and things in this particular corner of Asia. A more valid criticism is that while M. Fauconnier, as he readily admits, assigns the beau role throughout to his two French characters and pictures his Malays as charming creatures, the "sharply-etched vignettes" of the Englishmen whom he puts forward as "typical colonists," "hearty, bluff comrades," who were his "friends in life," are really grotesque caricatures. His planters are stupid louts and his Civil Servants tactless fools—all displayed against a background of s'tengahs and gin-slings. If either of these distorted pictures contained even an appreciable element of truth, British Malaya would never have grown, as it has in the past thirty years, into the centre of two great world industries. This needs saying in plain language because stay-at-home English reviewers who have belauded *Malaisie* as "one of the finest interpretations of the East that have appeared in any language" and marvelled at the Frenchman's capacity for understanding the Asiatic, apparently accept this slur on their fellow countrymen overseas at its face value, whereas the Malayan planters are in cold sober fact well-educated, hardworking, clean-living men and the members of the Malayan Civil Service a fine body of capable and conscientious administrators who enjoy the confidence and respect of Europeans and natives alike.

Apart from that, we can wholeheartedly praise M. Fauconnier's book. His story is thin, but the thread is strong enough to connect up a quartette of episodes—the Planter, the House of Palms, the Journey, and Amok—studded with pure gems of word-painting. His descriptions of jungle scenery, of the primæval forest, with all its world of beast, bird, insect and plant life, stirring uneasily in the false dawn and then awaking to a sun that comes up violently out of the night, induce a nostalgia for the country which he himself evidently grew to love. It brings back memories of Penang, or conjures up recollections of gorgeous views of dark green jungle, emerald padi-fields and palm-encircled villages with placid rivers running against a background of towering mountain range or shimmering sea, that vast panorama that greets the eye from Kedah Peak, Taiping Hill or Bukit Fraser, when mine and plantation, railway and flourishing township are lost in the landscape and Malaya seems indeed a lotus-eater's land where it is always afternoon. Altogether, apart from those caricatures of Englishmen, this book is a fine piece of work, not to be swallowed in one gulp, but savoured at three or four sittings and then read again slowly for the sake of the finer passages. Mr. Eric Sutton's translation admirably preserves the essence and spirit of the original.

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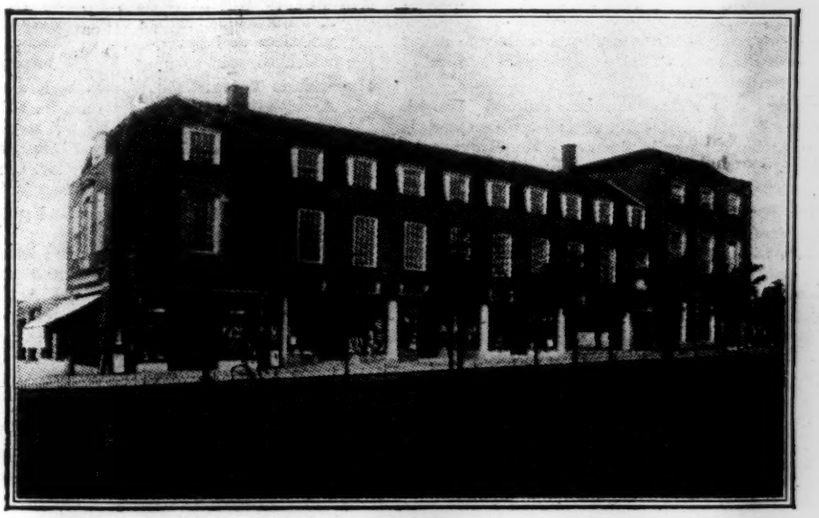

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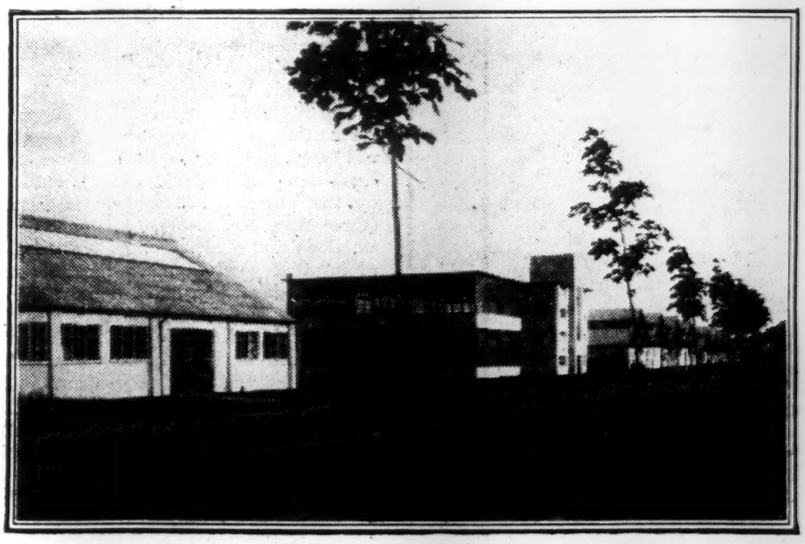

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Lord Alfred Douglas. By PATRICK BRAYBROOKE. Palmer. 10s. 6d.
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Humorous Tales. By RUDYARD KIPLING. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
A collection rather wider than its title would suggest—no critic could call *Pig* "humorous"; but here are the rollicking splendours of *Brugglesmith*, *My Sunday at Home*, *The Puzzler*, and *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*. Mr. Cleaver's illustrations are not a help.

The Sculptor Speaks: Jacob Epstein to A. L. Haskell. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
Epstein praises Michael Angelo; illustrations by Henry Moore. He also says that in the tinted state "they easily surpass the Albert Memorial or the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner." There are thirty-four good reproductions, mainly of sculpture.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NOTHING is more surprising for me than to realise that nearly all the works I have to review are entitled "symphonies." It is like looking at a St. Bernard and a dachsund and realising that both are just called "dogs."

Just as some heretics may be found wondering why the dog of all animals has been chosen as the constant companion of man, so there may be found heretics who wonder why the symphony should have exerted such hypnotic power over composers.

No other musical form counts so many failures and so few comparative successes. Any number of talented composers who might have produced charming work on a more intimate scale have tormented themselves and their hearers with their grapplings with symphonic form. Several composers of genius have been found lacking in nothing save the courage to refrain from writing symphonies. From Haydn to Sibelius the number of symphonic writers of any real value can "literally" be counted on the fingers of one hand. To ninety-nine composers out of a hundred the writing of a symphony can bring them neither fame, the ear of the public, pecuniary recompense, nor even the paler personal satisfaction of work well done. Yet the flow of symphonies continues, if not as merrily, at least as steadily as ever. There must be some recondite explanation, probably snobbish. Indeed, I have noticed that a certain social stigma attaches to the composer who has not written a symphony as to a man who does not possess a proper evening dress.

To play through a number of symphonies in chronological order is to intensify rather than to mellow the melancholy of one's reflections on symphonic writing as a whole. For apart from the slow movements, which are perhaps too divinely long, the Haydn symphonies have rarely been equalled and surely never surpassed.

Here there is no question of inspiration pouring itself into an unwilling or unsuitable mould. The balance of thought and technique is so perfect that we are not even called upon to notice it. Here at least sonata form and rondo form are triumphantly justified. We actually look forward to the return of the themes. It seems absurd that we should have to wait until his bi-centenary for Haydn to be duly represented in our concert programmes and gramophone catalogues.

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After a Haydn finale we feel that music could not be carried farther, but then the finale has probably effaced the occasional longeurs of the slow movement. With Mozart the rattling finales sometimes leave us regretting the balanced melancholy and passionate arabesques of those slow movements where the composer anticipates all the possibilities of the nineteenth even if he decides to remain in the eighteenth century. The Quintet for Piano and Wind stands out even among Mozart's works for dignity and clarity of expression and for its exquisite appreciation of the nature of the individual instrument. Also in the

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Connoisseur's Catalogue, it is played by the Société Taffanel des Instruments à Vent, with Erwin Schulhoff at the piano (three 12in. D 1804–6). The recording is good, but unfortunately the playing is not quite up to the standard we expect from French wood-wind. The wind players are too obviously outshone by Schulhoff's brilliant performance of the piano part, which shows the most delicate sense of phrasing and all round musicianship.

Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* gives us the symphonic framework stretched to the utmost, some might say beyond recognition; yet it remains one of the finest symphonic achievements of the nineteenth century. Berlioz, as later Liszt, realised that it was little use carrying on in the direct tradition of Beethoven, and the *Fantastic* and *Faust* symphonies are the two most successful symphonies of the Romantic Movement. In spite of its baroque excesses and the rigmarole of its programme, the Berlioz symphony has a quite remarkable continuity and balance of form. This continuity of line is very likely the result of Berlioz's rather wayward harmonic sense. He could not rely upon the Teutonic technique of well-padded harmonies and well-oiled modulations, and so he relied almost entirely on the suppleness and vigour of his melodic line. Even a work on so monumental a scale as this symphony is bound together by a horizontal sense of construction which owes nothing to any accepted academic device.

The Connoisseur's Catalogue issues this work played by an otherwise unspecified "Symphony Orchestra," presumably French, under Pierre Monteux. The performance is clear but a little lacking in the dæmonic quality that is necessary for a really sympathetic presentation of this symphony. The purple patches come out well, and even on the gramophone the last two movements retain their indescribably sinister quality; but I can think of at least two English conductors who could give a more vital performance of this work. (H.M.V. six 12in. D 2044–49.) Columbia have just issued an admirable record of the Royal Hunt and Storm from Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, played by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty (DX 291). Is it too much to hope that Columbia will give us the ideal recording of the *Fantastic Symphony?*

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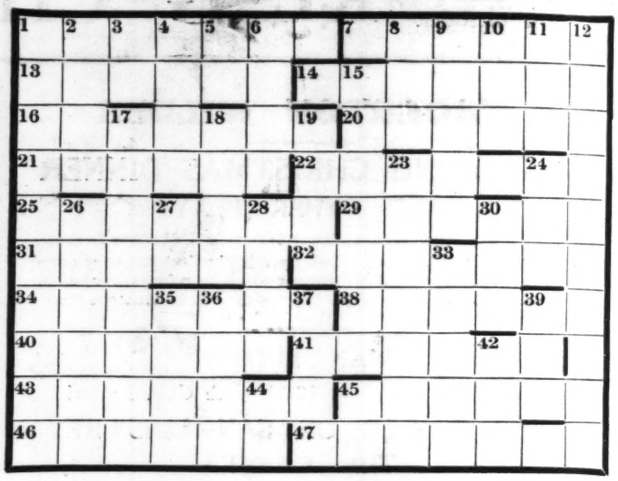

SIXES AND SEVENS

ACROSS.

1. The Ram and the Bull.
7. Without is a Queen.
13. A division has three brigades; I have usually three divisions.
14. Often to be found in a light mantle.
16. Here is your own.
20. Liater.
21. Reverse reverse, and reverse again.
22 *rev.* Dual continent.
25. Known also as a Last Ditcher.
29. Half dime, said the referee.
31. Apparently in 8.
32. Tailless fish.
34. May linger when knowledge comes.
38. Release.
40 *rev.* In 33, once one of the nuts.
41 Self-origination.
43. One does this in imagination.
45 *rev.* Hold fast.
46. Much confused Sisera comes down to breakfast.
47. Pours out anyhow.

DOWN.

1. Dat is Paris, potted.
2. American's idea of lunch-time.
3. 44. The poet called me fair.
4. It isn't quite the same.
5, 37. So stand our soldiers.
6. Cobbler's end.
8. You can take your pill without us.
9. Upturned skeleton.
10. Just take cover.
11. Sift.
12. Lamp's poise disturbed (how creepy).
15. Wicked in 57 ways?
17. Du Maurier's producer.
18 *rev.* I figured in a parable.
19. Lote-bush.
23. Aren't we all?
24 *rev.* The devil without his church.
26. M. T.R. (!!)
27. Garment a little abbreviated.
28. Offered to the Maid of Athens.
30. Contrived a heavy cut in the dhole.
33. See 40.
35 *rev.* Beloved of mathematicians.
36. Not quite "one under the eight."
37. See 5.
39. Orderly arrangement, and without any duty too.
42. Not among the 39 articles.
44. See 3.
45. Plato's well.

Trinculo offers his apologies for an error in one of the clues which escaped his notice last week. "*With* 12 *ac.*" in clue 31 should, of course, have read "*with* 27 ac."

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

(References to *A Shropshire Lad* in Brackets)

ACROSS.—1. Clungunford (*l*). 12. —ed. 14. loral (ref. to beak). 15. orris *rev.* 16. One (and twenty, xiii). 17. af-ine. 19. user (ruse). 20. morn. 21. coy *rev.* 22. mean. 23. dr-amas. 25. trouble (xxxi). 27. —ton. 28. age. 29. Wenlock (xxxix). 32. Exeter. 34. he *rev.* 35. felon-quarri(ed) (lix). 38. nettle (xvi). 40. —ium. 42. oars (soar). 44. tarred. 46. gold cup (v). 47. Moody *rev.* (M. and Sankey). 48. Sh(em). 49. Ludlow (iii).

DOWN.—1. clay (iv). 2. lo. 3. Uricon (xxxi). 4. ran *rev.* 5. glee. 6. usual. 7. ensi(g)n *rev.* 8. Fred (xxv). 9. orr(is). 10. Roman (xxxi). 11. doom (Doomsday Book). 12. enrager. 13. denser. 18. forehead. 22. mule. 24. uxor *rev.* 26. boll. 27. te(em). 28. Magna (Carta) *rev.* 30. co-eds. 31. Knigh(ton) (l). 33. (b)ea(n). 35. ftro (fort). 36. quo (quid pro quo). 37. ispw (wisp). 39. (me)tro. 41. Ulm *rev.* 42. odd. 43. our *rev.* 45. —em.

BRIDGE

Illustrative Hand No. XXX. Overbid of Adversary's Suit, with Slam Development.

North:	East:
♠ 10963 ♥ 76 ♦ 86 ♣ AJ985	♠ 742 ♥ Q943 ♦ 1095432 ♣ none
West:	**South:**
♠ A ♥ AKJ105 ♦ KJ7 ♣ KQ72	♠ KQJ85 ♥ 82 ♦ AQ ♣ 10643

Score: North-South, game; East-West, love. South deals.

The Bidding:	South - 1 ♠	No Bid.	No Bid.	No Bid.
	West - 2 ♠	3 ♥	6 ♥	
	North - No Bid.	No Bid.	No Bid.	
	East - 3 ♦	4 ♥	No Bid.	

Accurate bidding produces a slam against 3½ Honour-tricks. West's overbid in Spades shows a very strong hand and control of the Spade suit; East's Diamond bid, and subsequent raise in Hearts, are based on an intelligent visualisation of what is in West's hand. East's hand is distributionally very strong. The small slam can be made against any defence.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE SUICIDE CLUB—AMERICAN AND FRENCH LACK OF REALISM—INVESTMENT IN OUR "PROTECTED" TRADES—BEER AND TOBACCO.

As Great Britain has now joined the World Economic Suicide Club, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Runciman should have scheduled such a paltry list of articles in his first "anti-dumping" order and limited the duty to 50 per cent. If we really want to "do our bit" in the war to end international trade we should include all foreign manufactures without distinction and make the duties 200 per cent. Still, there is time yet to show our mettle. For the moment the honours of the fight rest with foreign countries. Jugoslavia has given us a lead by prohibiting the import of all goods which can be produced at home. And she has shown great spirit in suspending all dealings in Hungarian and Austrian currency as a reprisal against the import restrictions which these two countries have established. Elsewhere, Finland is to limit imports by voluntary means, Latvia is adopting an import quota plan for certain classes of goods, Spain is extending her import regulations, Holland is to pass a Bill for the restraint of abnormal importations, France is putting a surtax on all imports from countries off the gold standard, Canada has laid a dumping duty on British goods to offset the "exchange bounty," Italy, Argentina, India and China are raising their tariff walls and South Africa, in a desperate defence of the gold standard, has granted an export subsidy on primary products and imposed a 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imports. The Scandinavian countries this week have been tightening up their foreign exchange restrictions. In Germany's case a more rigid Government hold on foreign trade could hardly be devised. Control of currency dealings has become the rule in every country of importance with the exception of the United States, France, Switzerland and Holland. How long it will take to bring international trade to a complete standstill it is impossible to divine. We can only pray that our National Government will do its best to shorten the time by making it impossible for foreign manufacturers to trade with us at all. France may also help by insisting on the priority of reparations over commercial debts and so bringing about the complete collapse of Germany.

* * *

There is, of course, a grave risk that when the point of world economic suicide has been reached, the statesmen of the Great Powers will not be able to perform their rescue act. They may be still quarrelling about reparations, war debts, and the gold standard. International feeling is very bitter. One hears from New York business men that the American Senate is as little disposed to cancel European war debts as France is disposed to forgo the unconditional reparations. Dr. Benjamin Anderson, the economist of the Chase National Bank, has lately been expressing the American bankers' disgust over Great Britain's gold apostasy. "The collapse of the gold standard in Englan i," he declares, "was absolutely unnecessary. It was the product of a prolonged violation of gold standard rules. Even at the end it could have been averted by a return to orthodox gold standard measures." Dr. Anderson believes that an 8 per cent. Bank rate would have done the trick if it had been imposed when the Bank of England obtained its first credit from the Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of France. Our critic could never have met a Frenchman with a foreign balance. Another great American bank—the National City—in its latest bulletin is at pains to deny that there has ever been any gold-hoarding by the United States. The lack of realism among so many bankers and politicians is the most disquieting feature of this world economic war. Nevertheless, I remain an optimist. The annihilation of world trade can yet be frustrated—not by an international conference of statesmen sanely determined to reduce tariffs, end exchange restrictions, cancel war debts and reparations, and scale down all money obligations to present-day commodity values, but by war and famine. We have the Japanese doing their best to set the East ablaze. We may yet do our part in the West by burning all our stocks of cereals and plantation products, by putting a match to the oil tanks in America and by sinking the ships carrying the world stocks of tin and copper "afloat." As we are so insane already, it gives me great confidence to think that only a little extra piece of insanity might cure our economic malady.

* * *

On the whole the London Stock Exchange is standing up to the crisis remarkably well. The gilt-edged market is still very sensitive to the daily fluctuations in sterling, but British industrial shares maintain their firm appearance in spite of the darkening prospects of world trade. What little buying takes place is very selective. The shares of the wholly or mainly exporting companies are no longer finding support. This is reasonable enough, for we cannot shut out foreign goods without reducing the purchasing power of our foreign customers. The benefit which our exporters gained from the depreciation of the pound is now being offset by the creeping paralysis of world trade. It is wise, therefore, to confine investment to the companies which are catering for domestic trades protected by the "anti-dumping" duties. These may have enough to live on as long as England stands. The following companies should derive immediate benefit from Mr. Runciman's first order :—

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Phillips Rubber Soles £1 ..	26/4½	28/9	17.1	15	10.43
Patons and Baldwins, £1 ..	16/9	30/–	2.7	2½ free	2.22
Whitworth and Mitchell, £1	40/3	50/9	34.3	22½	8.87
Barrow Hepburn, 5/– ..	9d.	2/9	1 9	nil.	nil.
Dent, Allcroft, 4/–	6d.	1/6	nil.	nil.	nil.

Barry and Staines need no introduction as the leading firm in the linoleum industry. The shrinkage in profits last year was mainly due to the writing-down of stocks to market values. Pye Radio has been flourishing without "protection," and its sales for the period from April 1st to October 31st were substantially in advance of those of the corresponding period last year. Shanks and Company used to find the business of sanitary engineering very remunerative, but last year its profits were adversely affected by foreign competition—emanating, it is alleged, from a large factory in Germany backed by unlimited American money. Phillips Rubber Soles reported a 23 per cent. drop in net profits last year, but was able to earn and pay the dividends it has maintained for four years. Patons and Baldwins are manufacturers of wools and hosiery yarns and have factories not only in England but in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. Whitworth and Mitchell make dress fabrics under well-known trade names, both using cotton and artificial silk materials. Most of its manufacturing is done under contract to the company's own specifications and designs. Barrow, Hepburn and Gale are tanners, leather merchants and manufacturers of leather goods and tanning extract, while Dent, Allcroft are the well-known manufacturers of gloves. Both Barrow, Hepburn and Dent, Allcroft have miserable dividend records, and the latter has lately passed its preference dividends. But perhaps the cynic will delight in buying the shares of "protected" companies whose past record of efficiency is not encouraging.

* * *

The home markets may be protected, but it must not be forgotten that the Viscount Snowden did his best to destroy their purchasing power in his Supplementary Budget by means of pay cuts, dole economies, and heavier taxation. Up to this point no one in this country had thought very much about economising on consumption goods. Now we find the beer drinkers refusing to pay the extra 2d. per pint bottle—consoling themselves with the less-potent draught beer and even by drinking less. The brewers are claiming that the consumption of beer has fallen off from 35 to 50 per cent., and that the State is actually obtaining less revenue than it did before the tax was increased. The brewery share market has not been slow to show signs of alarm, but I would expect it to bottom fairly soon in the conviction that if the brewers have any political influence at all it will be felt by this National Government. Whether cigarette consumption will follow the way of beer I cannot guess, but it appears that the market is discounting dividend cuts as a result of the extra taxation which is now being carried by the companies. An exception is Gallaher, whose dividends may be increased. An exchange from Imperial Tobacco to British American, which holds the export side of the business, has lately been popular with those who are not afraid of a reduced final dividend for the latter.

November 28, 1931.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

University Supplement

THE UNIVERSITY SUPPLEMENT

WE received nearly four hundred entries for our University Supplement. They came from everywhere—not only from Oxford (which was an easy winner) and from Cambridge and London (which followed next), but also from New Zealand, South Africa, and from Edinburgh, Newcastle, Cardiff, Bristol, from almost every University in Great Britain. We can claim to have discovered—at least as far as we are concerned—several really exciting young poets, one very remarkable short-story writer, two lively critics, and some promising journalists.

The competitors for the first section, the leading article, grouped themselves into two classes—classes so difficult to compare that we have been forced to divide the prize between the best in each class. First, there were the straightforward political leader writers, most of whom discussed, from rather a "left-wing" point of view, the election and its effects. Mr. Papineau (Oxford) is the best journalist among them. His article is lively stuff, intelligent and well-written, if not very profound or original. The runners-up in this class were Mr. J. L. Lever, who only just failed to bring off an excellent satirical idea, and Mr. Bernard Brett, who has a good style, a sense of fun as well as of form, but who had really nothing at all to say. Other good leading articles were written by Mr. F. W. Bacon (Cambridge), Mr. Denys Thompson (Cambridge), Mr. K. B. Middleton (Edinburgh), T. Cameron Fraser (Oxford), Mr. H. F. Maybank (London), Mr. A. Crook (Cambridge) and Mr. G. G. Thomson (Edinburgh).

Then came the second type of article—the more studious, solid, informative type. Much the best of these was by Miss Todd (Somerville, Oxford), who, therefore, shares the first prize with Mr. Papineau. She would have won the whole first prize if she had had distinction of style as well as of thought.

Solid and good articles also came from Mr. E. Rigby (Oxford), Miss Irvine (Cambridge and London), "Touchstone" (Oxford), and Mr. D. E. Super (Oxford). The unusually interesting indictment of English magistrates' courts by Mr. B. R. Roberts (Oxford) was founded on careful observation, and Miss Moore, whose literary style is deplorable, had had the originality to evolve a new theory about education, apparently as a result of watching the process at work. Mr. Mallalieu (Oxford) sent an interesting but ununified article, mainly about Kentucky. Mr. Duchinsky (Oxford) contributed a thoughtful article on the Jewish problem and Mr. D. B. Taylor (Cambridge) an original study of the philosophy of the Nazis.

In the second section the most marked characteristic of nearly all the contributions, good and bad, was the narrow range of subject and material—here reflecting too faithfully the trend of fiction and essay for the last thirty years. There was little of a distinctively modern kind—small trace of Tchehov or Katharine Mansfield, let alone Joyce, or Lawrence, Anderson or Hemingway. There was one, by Mr. Sale, of Nottingham, a little after Mr. T. F. Powys; an oddly ineffective but touching story, not in D. H. Lawrence's manner, but smacking of his philosophy of "intimate enemies," by Mr. Hugh D. Griffith, of Aberystwyth; Mr. J. H. Plumb, of University College, Leicester, contributed a study in maternal and domestic distress that only needed a more imaginative technique.

Few of the sketches deserve mention except the prize-winner. Mr. A. W. Ellis, of Liverpool University, was readable in "Old Road Maps," but his essay could have been shortened by half; Mr. Farr, of Newcastle, began well and then lapsed into timidity in his paper "Spare the Rod." The prize in this section goes to Miss Petronella Elphinstone (Oxford) for "Blessed are the Barren" and "Tuan Jim," an essay on the original of Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

Miss Elphinstone's story deserves the prize for its controlled vehemence, its straightforward and not unsubtle handling of a neurotic, the power with which the sensation of apprehension is conveyed, and its ruthless absence of false sentiment. "Tuan Jim" is a model of an informative essay, with some brilliant pieces of descriptive writing.

The papers on literature and the arts were very disappointing. There were few essays on anything except books—we had hoped for more on architecture, on cinematography, on the theatre. There were very few reviews—one from South Africa on Mr. Wells's and Mr. Huxley's *Outline of Science*, another on *Two Soviet Novels*—ordinary, painstaking essays for "schools." Easily the best review is Mr. C. R. Henderson's (Oxford) article on Bertrand Russell's latest book; it has that rarest of qualities, a creative critical faculty; it is well, often wittily, written, and admirable in temper. We felt, however, that this was a prize which should be divided between a review of a specific book and a more general essay, and after a good deal of thought select Mr. Hopkinson's "A Critique of Critics." This has a pleasant youthful impertinence, and is free from the rather heavy solemnity which apparently overcame most of the essayists who sat down to write about Literature.

Over ninety competitors sent in poems; and some of these sent as many as twelve, few sent less than three. There are few more disheartening things than the solid perusal of masses of mediocre verse: the relief in finding anything of merit is so great that no doubt one is tempted to be over-pleased—but the risk must be taken. In this section, too, there was little "modern" work. Mr. Graves, Miss Riding, Mr. Cummins might never have existed; there is little sign of acquaintance with Mr. T. S. Eliot or Mr. Ezra Pound, or—which is culpable as well as surprising—with the later work of Mr. W. B. Yeats.

Of the poets who, after reading and re-reading, seemed the best, none was outstandingly superior; and it is impossible to give the prize undivided. The first five poets are: Mr. B. Sh. Saklatvala (London); Miss Mair Jones (London); Mr. George Allen (Oxford); Miss Phœbe Ashburner (Oxford); and Mr. Kenneth Allott (Newcastle-on-Tyne). After these, and not far, come Mr. John Lehmann, Mr. T. C. Worsley, Miss Elphinstone, Miss Blackmore, Miss Mary Crozier, and Mr. Shillito, while Mr. B. R. Roberts's renderings from the Greek Anthology would have been in the running for the prize had they been original verse. In the circumstances, the prize-money will be increased. Mr. Saklatvala will receive £5 5s., Miss Mair Jones, £3 3s., Mr. George Allen, Miss Ashburner, and Mr. Allott £2 2s. each; and any additional poems printed will be paid for at our usual rates. The prize poems are *Twickenham*, *Alba*, *Synousia*, *Whiteness* and *Homecoming*.

Some defence may be expected for awarding the chief prizes to poems so traditional as Mr. Saklatvala's and Miss Jones's. First, as we have said, the amount of work at all influenced by modern tendencies was very small · most

of that, except one gallant but not sufficiently imagined effort of Mr. T. C. Worsley's, deplorably failed. The authors had tried to learn the technique of the airplane, but it was rather an old Pegasus whom they mounted. Mr. Saklatvala (and what we say of him applies to Miss Jones as well) has obvious faults—too great facility, too easy a use of epithet, too light a sense of construction, too slight an intellectual effort; but he is definitely in contact with the poetic, which, in the end, is the test of poetry proper. In his work is to be felt something of necessity, something of that impulse which makes poetry, or nothing. The same is true of our other prize-winning poets, of the "runners-up," and of several whom there is no space to enumerate.

[We have been obliged for reasons of space to hold over for subsequent issues Miss Todd's "Middle-class Problem," Mr. Hopkinson's "Critique of Critics," and Mr. Allott's "Home-coming."]

SOCIALISM AND THE WASTE LAND

THE prospects of scientific Socialism in Great Britain are now improved, since the Labour Party has met its nemesis. Among the modern-minded of whatever age, for a long time before the election, disgust with the flabbiness of the Labour Party had been increasingly common, in spite of the strong appeal of much in Socialism itself. Open Conspiracies, New Parties, World Planning Supplements, all agreed in rejecting the sunday school senility and pious evolutionism which seemed to them the chief staple of Labour thought in England. Occasionally even advanced Liberals joined in the criticism. Incidentally, all such protests inevitably failed, since their influence under existing conditions of social structure and education was confined to an infinitesimal and impotent fraction of opinion. It is a commonplace that the intellectual in politics, if nothing be added to his intellect, is an inaudible voice in the wilderness. In the post-war generation of students the attitude has been equally clear. Either complete abandonment of active participation in politics and a flight to a Thebaid of rigid Marxism, or alternatively half-hearted attachment to the Labour Party, under protest against two-thirds of its assumptions and with every expectation of its going from bad to worse.

This lack of inner coherence and vitality, it is suggested, has contributed largely to the difficulties and weaknesses of the Labour Party in the last two years. It has robbed the party of all vigour and drive, and consequently of all power of imaginative appeal to those non-rational elements in the electorate and in each elector, which determine the balance of political power. The common man has vaguely felt that the official Labour Party has lost any guts it ever possessed; he has been right. The party which must live essentially in the present and the future has been subsisting on the ideas and aspirations of a remote Edwardian prehistory. As A. L. Rowse has written, "Its leaders talk, and probably think, in vague terms of general welfare and of spiritual ideals; its whole conception of politics is ethical, an approach which we consider misses the real nature of the problem and is barely relevant to the understanding of it."

To diagnose the cancer is easy; but can it be cured without surgery? Must those who admit the broad justice of this criticism face the necessity of cutting away from a party that is, beyond hope, inwardly lifeless in spite of its numerical strength? Or is there, after all, a chance of rejuvenation? Can a section within the party, with the force, not to say arrogance, which the task demands, make itself into an intellectual and emotional monkey-gland and permeate the whole party with a new vitality and vigour? Probably not, but the attempt is worth while, *pour passer le temps*. One fool herewith rushes in. In his view the Socialism of the immediate future, to which there is at least a chance of winning over the younger key-personalities of the Labour Party, both at headquarters and in the rank and file, might contain four main strands—economic doctrine, critical and constructive, a social ideal, a political strategy, and what is most difficult to determine and most easy to ridicule, an approximate system or scheme of values giving meaning and coherence to the aims of Socialism in terms of the characteristic experience of the present generation.

To elaborate the economics of a re-invigorated Socialism is in this context neither necessary nor possible. The connection with the older tradition is in this aspect largely unbroken. The basic proposition of the Socialist remains unchanged and unanswerable—that existing property laws and institutions render the distribution of wealth grossly unjust, that they are *not* inevitable as necessary rewards to differing functions or irreplaceable incentives to socially indispensable efforts, that indeed they encourage parasitism and vulgar and wasteful luxury and ostentation. Further, they exaggerate economic insecurity and waste. And this leads to a second fundamental argument for Socialism, more recent and equally strong. The final abandonment in all responsible quarters of the theistic optimism of *laissez faire*, with the recognition of the increasing importance of cases in which private enterprise and public interest diverge, passes inevitably to the conception of economic planning. In regard to this the Socialist emphasises that the power of overriding and compelling particular, sectional and vested interests, whether in Lancashire or the City of London, which is a necessary condition of effective planning is, to say the least, unlikely to be exercised by the political parties in which these same interests are strongly entrenched. A scientific, and therefore disinterested and non-sectional, economic policy is likely to appeal sooner to the leaders of those who suffer under the present system than of those who enjoy privilege in it. Adherents of the Yellow Book and of unbiased World-Planning will more speedily attain what is valuable in their objectives by allying with the power of the working class movement than by the futile pursuit of impartiality and independence in politics. In his economics, then, the Socialist aims at an expansion of the national income as rapid as science makes possible and a distribution that justice and humanity can approve.

As an ideal of society Socialism is still founded on equality. This principle does not come naturally to the modern mind. More than any other it savours of the old sententiousness and hypocrisy. To those who have digested their Freud, it may be not inapposite to suggest that equality properly understood is no wish-fulfilment of the inferior, the envious and unsuccessful, poor specimens too cringing and feeble to plunge into a Homeric struggle of all against all for glittering prizes. It is simply the extension to society as a whole of the forbearance and equity, the honest dealing and co-operation that the most ruthless individualist offers to his friends. That these qualities, and the elimination of status which they imply, are genuine capacities of the human animal, and not rationalisations of the under-man, regrettable weaknesses to be confined to the home circle, we most of us really admit—though it is salutary sometimes to probe them no less than other assumptions. Equality conceived as the wider extension of what are already facts in a narrow range of relationships may be acceptable to many who are rightly nauseated by the spongy uplift of the brotherly lovers. Socialism does not ask you to love your neighbour against your wish, but to get into the habit of fundamentally fair and open dealing with him.

It may seem strange to pass from this to our third proposition, that the political strategy of Socialism in the next few years must be based on the fact of class-antagonism. But it is undoubtedly the case that here the British Labour

Party has most to learn from Lenin and the Marxists. The Party, like its late leaders and the old Liberalism with which they were the link, falls into the error of attempting to apply to the distorted passions and stunted intelligences of the citizens of to-day (irrespective of class, it may be added) a form of appeal based on what men may perhaps become in a distant future, not what they are. Ramsay MacDonald once wrote of winning acceptance for programmes "by reason of their justice, rationality and wisdom." He himself has obviously learnt better since that time, but the democratic cant is still strong in the Labour Party. It is another of the elements in it repelling realistic minds, especially among the young.

A new Socialism must at all costs avoid democratic blind alleys and fallacies of social solidarity. This is not to deny the ultimate truth of the democratic principle, nor to reject Parliament as at least the first weapon for the attempt at coercion of vested interests and the elimination of privilege. But it is to revolutionise Labour's tactics of propaganda. There must be a much greater concentration on class antagonism, which the events of the immediate future will inevitably throw into still greater relief. The precise form and detail of Labour's policy must change with changing situations in scientific submission to the facts. But it is safe to predict that the facts of class conflict, based on privilege and the incompatibility of interests under a system of capitalist enterprise, will remain constant for some time to come as for some time past. Socialist propaganda must concentrate on the unchanging elements in successive situations, though its detailed policy and those responsible for it must be alive to every minor variation. If this opportunity be grasped boldly there is reason to anticipate a swing-over towards Labour at the end of the period as huge as that recently away from it. But like the latter, it will not be won by toying with restraint and moderation, but by a bold and vigorous appeal to passion, prejudice and interest.

An ideal of equality to be achieved by a strategy of class conflict—will not this finally crush the frail plant of freedom, that has with so much toil thrust up a single slender shoot in one or two countries of Western civilisation? The question answers itself. To consider freedom in isolation as a set of political liberties embalmed in a mummified constitution is, as most of us know to our annoyance, one of the favourite pastimes of pedantry. Freedom of the mind and freedom of conduct are empty formulæ for all but a few in a class-society. When equality has been secured, it will be time to consider such luxuries, or to examine whether happiness itself cannot be planned, as Bolsheviks, Behaviourists and even at times Mr. Wells appear to hold, by pumping in a nicely adjusted culture. Their view may not prove as absurd as it seems to fastidious Western introverts.

Finally, can the political outlook so far adumbrated be dovetailed into the framework of personal intuitions? The answer must be largely tentative and subjective. But most of us start from the "firm foundations of unyielding despair!" A thread of irony will always run through our most strenuous endeavour. But in some sense, after all, we are inclined to think that one may legitimately speak of "value" in physical health, experience of beauty, personal intimacy, good fellowship and fair dealing, brain-work. These valuations are empirical and humanist, and so is the Socialism which is erected upon them as a base.

Analysed into its components it may seem crude, even coarse; one more futile return to paganism. But in experience it is a vivid and living whole, strong and rich, stable and satisfying. Is the future with T. S. Eliot and Bloomsbury, the Pope and St. Paul (not to mention Hollywood, Garvin and my Lord Rothermere) or, with Dovjenko's *Earth*, Hellenism plus the Machine? But then one remembers a Labour Party Conference. . . . Still, it might be worth trying.

O. PAPINEAU.

SYNOUSIA

THIS uncommunicative place
Was made to fold our loves within:
You shall meet me here face to face
And lose and let me win.

All that was ever us apart
Shall now be changed and recreate,
Body to body and one heart
And singleness of state.

Here, we will be not two but one,
Our several lonelinesses dead
And sealed in this pavilion
Where wedding is wed.

Early coming and leaving late,
Leave never and never move,
Here love singly, and abate
All else and singly love.

GEORGE ALLEN

TWICKENHAM

WHEN young I saw the moon leap to a cloud
Swaying Titanic hills—and cried aloud.
Or I would dream cold fire; and wake and turn
To black-framed silver that would stare and burn
Lit by the frozen moon—the window-pane
A pool for beauty's lily, that again
Would shadow and fade, softly into the dark.

In blue-swayed Autumn I would walk to the park
After pale eggs in ragged, uncombed nests.
I'd tell the tops of the trees: "You are the crests
Of a high, drifting sea; and here below,
On the rough ocean floor, I mazily go
Among blue mist. The distant oak is reed,
The gnarlèd hawthorn grey-green, twisted weed
That sways in the flowing water." Should I find
The blackbirds' eggs they were blue pearls. And mind
Surged in the eddying air, and laughed and drowned
In bluer mist that billowed all around.

Then there were hedges, dripping light with rain.
At evening these were stars. And still and plain
The blackened twigs were spaces in the sky
Such as I saw in the clouds; O then could I
Plunge aching hand coolly into this small,
This intricate, woven sky of mine: and all
The stars were lying broken in my hands.

Then were the distant woods long, tapering bands
Of darkness on the painted sky; or bright
With sunset beech they leapt, and caught the light
In twirling fingers, dancing mad for mirth,
With would-be dancing toes held deep in earth.

Those paralysed, unhappy toes I knew!
They coiled like moss-scaled snakes; and writhed and grew
Slowly towards the river. Green and cool
Was that same river, having many a pool
Of large-leafed mosses where the water-flies
Would swim on their backs; where suddenly, with surprise
The water wrinkled, as there darted through
The secret rushes, green and gold and blue
A dragon-fly.

Whence, if you went straight down
And left the grass, to where the earth was brown,
There was a ring of chestnut trees that stood

Cast up ashore by the frozen tide of the wood,
Like a dark pool on long, brown fields of sand,
And solemnly in the Autumn time they'd stand
And tell of Summer. Every leaf hung green
With crinkled edge of little brown. Between
Summer and Autumn is there little way.

B. Sh. Saklatvala.

ALBA

THE nameless hour is past now,
And night stirs in her sleep,
Love were a witless prodigal
Did he forget to weep.
Sleep on, sleep on,
The city gates are barred.

Morn leans upon her elbow
And a foolish song she hears:
Love is a sorry spendthrift
With heritage of tears.
Sleep on, sleep on,
The city gates are barred.

Go, sweet, and leave your laughter,
Your laughter in my heart.
Love is a strolling player
And does not know his part.
Sleep on, sleep on,
The city gates are barred.

Go now, and leave me silent,
For it were strange to find
That love the fierce and cruel
Were suddenly grown kind.
Sleep on, sleep on,
The city gates are barred.

I. Mair Jones.

WHITENESS

IN early morning
The frost casts its high light
As if from superlunary source, on leaf
And iron railing chain,
So that the air is by reflection bright
And must sustain
Addition to the sun.

But at night
Because of the frosty moon in flame-blue sky
Whiteness and cold are welded into one
Dazzling colourless liquid, flowing through all
And petrifying, the land: the cities lie
Sleeping in frozen embrace, majestical.

Phœbe Ashburner.

BLESSED ARE THE BARREN

IT was as though everyone noticed, all the time: as though no one who saw her could ever take their eyes off her distorted stomach. 'Bus conductors, people passing her in the street, shop assistants, all riveted their gaze, as they passed, below her waist, or else would glance at her, then hastily, pointedly, would look away. Her head and neck were as lovely as ever, and her long, muscular arms and legs, but the rest of her swollen, distended body, moving awkwardly, a bulky caricature of what her figure had once been, leered back at her from her mirror, and from the eyes of all who saw her. And the exaggerated politeness and solicitude she must endure—Clare hated these more, perhaps, than all else. The women who gave her their seats in the tube, the friends who came to tea, who spoke in hushed voices and moved quietly, with averted faces and tender, embarrassed inquiries, the policemen who stopped the traffic that she might cross safely, the sniggering servants, who whispered softly in the corridors and, when they clattered a dustpan or smashed a tumbler admonished each other, "Sh. . . Sh. . . Sh. . ."—these all were unbearable. She had not realised before that having a child meant enduring two, or three, or even four months' (it all depended on the skill of one's dressmaker) physical degradation. It revolted her, so that she would creep into bed at night, feeling like a child that has been whipped for messing its drawers. Only the darkness was kindly and comforting, hiding her scorned body. But even in bed the horror of it followed her, for though no light could spy on her through the thick curtains, yet her hands could still feel, and they would return endlessly, as though captivated by some obscene fascination, to stroke the poor mountainous belly, half enjoying the touch of the inescapable ugliness that was herself.

And the dreams that came. She had no idea dreams could be like that. As a child her dreams had been glorious gentle things; when she grew to girlhood they had ceased. Now they were come again to torment and to terrify. Sometimes she would dream she was alone, in a room doorless and windowless; the air very stuffy, and her hair, plaited down her back, very heavy, making her head ache. Gradually she grew aware that she was no longer alone. A man was in the room with her, wanting her, coming to her. She could neither scream nor escape, and her eyes began to close, though she strained them open, and even pulled at the lids with her hands. Her hair grew heavier and heavier, until it pulled her backwards, and she could not resist. The man came nearer, and in despair she would make the sign of the Cross—her nurse had told her always when frightened or despairing to make that sign, but now it was unavailing: the man only laughed; she could feel his laughter through

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DON'T

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"Had this great Railway Company gone mad?" we asked ourselves, reading the notice a second time. Then it was that we observed on the left of these sentences the one small word 'Don't'.

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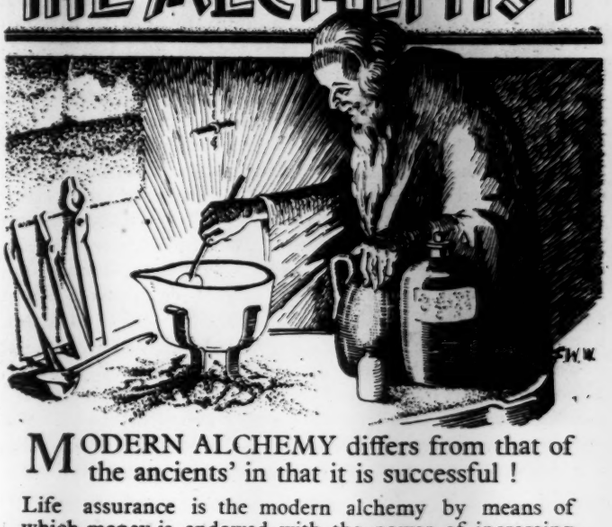

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her closed eyes, and, as she fell backwards, she woke. Or again, she would be looking closely down into black water, deep into a well. Gradually the well became a clear lake, and she could see white stones at the bottom, round, white stones. As she watched, these floated up towards her through the water, until she found herself staring into the calyxes of white water-lilies; leafless, gigantic white flowers. She stared on, and red stamens grew up in the midst of the white calyxes; whilst they grew, she realised, even before it had happened, that these were become scarlet mouths. Around the red lips the white flowers changed into dead faces, with dead eyes, and she sank gently on to a multitude of corpses with hungry mouths open to devour her wholly. Small wonder that she awoke screaming, only to fall asleep again, comforted by the cool pillow and by her husband's breathing. Now she would find herself in a vast cathedral, full of guttering candles, hundreds of them. She tried to kneel, but all about were people eating or talking, so she, too, sat down to eat, but the food she took she could not swallow. Then the organ began, and the music seemed to engulf the candles, and the people, and the very cathedral itself. She only remained, flying, terrified, in search of a door. But the cadenced noise of the organ came nearer and nearer, gaining upon her, with a rhythm like the march of some titanic army. At last she could run no farther, for she was choking still, unable to swallow the food she had taken; and she would wake to find her early morning tea by her side, and the maid drawing the curtains. Nightly she would endure these, or similar, nightmares, until she dared not go to bed, for fear of sleeping. She would stop indoors all the afternoon, and go out for exercise (since her doctor had told her walking was essential) only after tea, when the lamplighter had been round the square; there were fewer people about then, and she could slip quietly into the Park, to wander there, unobserved. Often it rained and always it was dark. She would get back in time to welcome her husband home from work, would mix him a cocktail, and, whilst he smoked a cigarette, would sit and listen to his account of the day. "Old Tommy Osborne walked into the office, so I made him come out and lunch with me at Rule's"; or "Jim rang up—he wants me to play golf with him at Crowborough on Saturday. D'you think you'd care for the drive?" Or "Pink gave me a tip for the National—I don't suppose it'd be any use, do you?" Then dinner, generally at home, for she hated the farce of going out and pretending to enjoy dinner without wine, or coffee, or cigarettes, and she loathed bridge. He loved it, and after having "tucked her up on the sofa," he generally took the car to one friend's house, or another's, or to the Club, and played till one or so. She would wait up for him, until the servants were in bed, sometimes until he returned, for, once she had lain down, she could not keep herself awake. "A lot of women would envy you," her doctor told her, when she complained.

The first few months had not been so bad. They were on their first summer holiday, motoring in the Tyrol, when she began to suspect what was the matter. But she did not worry, for when they married they agreed to have a baby, if it came. The local doctor confirmed her suspicions, and both David and she were rather pleased, for, though poor and very young, David wanted an heir, and Clare loved the idea of giving him something—anything—he wanted. She continued to dance, to swim and to play tennis; on their return to town, she kept up her golf, and even skated a bit. Until the beginning of the fifth month. Then she was told she must give up everything except walking—and where could anyone walk in London? She grew bored; then the dreams began, and with the dreams, came the fears. She had never realised that people could die having babies. Many of her girl friends who married before her had now two or three, her own mother had five, and her husband was one of eight. But she read one evening in the paper that a lovely tennis champion had died giving birth to her first baby, and from that moment was convinced that she too must so perish. She made her will, leaving all her possessions to the General Maternity Home, in which she had become very absorbed. One of her ex-housemaids had "gone wrong," and, being brought to bed, wrote begging Clare to visit her at the X——. Clare went once, then again, then often: finally she spent a couple of hours there every morning. She took flowers with her, books, sweets and fruit. When her ex-nursemaid left she found other sufferers equally worthy of her sympathy, and would do a round of the wards daily. Medical details absorbed her—puerperal fever, milk fever, clots—about these and about the various other ills parturient flesh is heir to, there was little she did not learn. Though Matron and the nurses thought her "balmy" they appreciated her interest and the gifts she brought, and enjoyed impressing her with their "shop," whilst the patients loved her gentleness and her quiet movements, so different from the starched efficiency of the nurses.

While she breakfasted in bed, Clare would daily compose requiem services, spending many happy half-hours deciding whether to have the march from Eroica or Mendelssohn's *Marche Funèbre;* whether the Lyke Wake Dirge or "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" was preferable; whether "For all the Saints" would be conceited, or "Jerusalem the Golden" over-optimistic. She would imagine death-bed scenes; weak from loss of blood, breathless and gasping, she lay on her bed; nurses flitting around, David, sobbing, knelt by her bedside. Her mother stood leaning over her—"Oh, Mummy—and you lived. How brave of you!" or "David, don't do this . . . to anyone else; it's beastly—dying." She bought a lovely black Wedgwood vase to contain her ashes, and, when she should have been knitting babies' woollies, she sewed an exquisite white satin shroud. The reading of elegies, the composing of epitaphs, the devising of monuments, the planning of funeral pomp—these were her only joys. At first her husband sympathised, was tender, anxious, then amused; finally annoyed. "I believe you want to die," he said. "You'd want to die if you were in hell," she retorted: "And having a baby is hell—for the woman. No doubt the man enjoys the process." "Damn it—other women don't take on so," he complained. "You aren't the first ever to produce a kid—or you wouldn't be here yourself." But it was no good talking.

Clare and David had agreed the car must go. They were both reluctant to give it up, but to keep the car *and* have a baby was too expensive. One Friday morning David announced he had been made a good offer by a friend, and had accepted it; the said friend was fetching the car Monday. "I said I must have it this week-end, so we could have a final fling," he said. "Name your place—where shall we go?"

"Let's invite ourselves down to the Andersons," Clare answered, and he agreed. They left London early on Saturday afternoon. It was a warm, blankety, January day. A slight fog in London resolved itself into a still, blue, misty atmosphere once they had passed Chiswick, and the country was very soothing, bitter with the smell of woodsmoke, and of damp, mouldering leaves. It was not cold, indeed it seemed the first snowdrops must have ventured out, for the earth seemed aware her awakening was near, half-regretful her quiet sleep was so soon to be broken. Clare adored driving, and had pleaded to be allowed to drive this last day. David humoured her gladly. She drove steadily, glad to be clear of the traffic, and to be out of London. She loved the bare melancholy of the thorny hedges, naked save for a few haws the birds had neglected, or for an occasional glossy holly bush, and the trees, empty of leaves or flowers, whose fretted twigs took on the colour of the clouds. Nature was so effortlessly perfect that she hated herself the more for disturbing this calm with her machine-made speed and her travailing, this quiet negation of life with her germinating body. It seemed to her sinful to break into this sanctuary of earth's peace

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with her struggling, wounded consciousness it was a violation, almost a pollution of the still fields. The Berkshire downs, gray, green and bare, came into sight. They will not be altered a thousand years hence, she thought, and this pleased her—this certainty that the world would continue, with her gone. She had not realised it before, had half imagined the universe ceasing to exist, with her surcease. "I wonder why I'm glad it will go on," she thought. "As a child I always hated spring coming with me not there to help: I did not believe the earth could be covered with primroses and bluebells when I had been away at school, unable to watch it all happening. Now I am glad it will all be the same; that ten years hence the rooks will still be startled from their tree by a car passing. Perhaps someone, motoring down this road, will say, 'Ah, yes, do you remember David's first wife? She died ten years ago, on just such a day as this—I remember I didn't wear an overcoat at her funeral'; or David may think, 'Poor Clare, it does seem an age since she left me; I'm getting quite fat and middle-aged'; whilst his children will ask, 'Who's that in the silver frame, Daddy, on the dressing table—the one that isn't Mummy?' He will try to explain. 'Shall we die, Daddy? Will *you* die, Daddy?' He will say, 'Yes, we must all die some day, now run away; Uncle Peter's coming to lunch.' They will run out of his room telling each other 'Uncle Peter's coming, I do hope he's remembered to bring me some catgut for my cross-bow.'"

Between Oxford and Witney there were robins singing and in the windows at Burford geraniums and even a few forced hyacinths were flowering. "It seems a waste," she thought, "to spend so much energy and affection on something that only the worms truly enjoy. So many tears, and the result—dissolution; so much beauty, and the end—putrefaction. Every day a sunset goes unrecorded, or a face unremembered; so much loveliness is spilt, or broken, or hurt. It is sad we have forged for ourselves a will to live that has separated us from all other animals—a will to immortality that has made death hard and grievous. Beasts die so swiftly—they accept death as unquestioningly as life. But we have builded for ourselves such palaces and such exceeding high towers, that to leave them is very agony. Yet it is better perhaps to die than to live; better to escape the monotony of spring again, and summer; of new Septembers and fresh Christmases; to be delivered for ever from April and from the first cuckoo, or the first nightingale. Will this not be freedom? If my child is born and I live, I must watch it grow as I grew, lose teeth, grow them, go to school, come home, go again and come home again; marry and in its turn reproduce. I had rather learn to be content to die, and to lie still."

David yawned, drowsy from the warmth of the engine, bored by the uniform colour of the landscape, and by the monotony of Clare's silence.

"Penny on your thoughts," he said.

"Wish we hadn't to sell the car," said Clare.

"I know it's rotten; I could go on motoring for ever, I love it so," he answered. "But we simply can't afford it, and Jim's offer is not to be sneezed at. Perhaps next year we can scrape some more and buy another, but cash is hard to come by these days." Clare smiled. "What are you smiling at?"

"I'm thinking it won't be me you'll buy a new car for next year," she said.

"Oh, drop it," David burst out, "I'm about fed up with your eternal last words and mortuary smiles—for God's sake die, and have done with it, or behave like a reasonable human being. You're enough to make a cat sick."

"Whose fault is it I *am* going to die?" Clare said calmly.

"Oh, mine, if you like. But surely you've rubbed it in enough."

This was his answer then, to her love and her suffering; she might die, and he wouldn't mind a bit, so long as she didn't inflict her suffering on him. This was all he cared. Clare grew very angry, but did not speak, driving quickly down a steep Gloucestershire hill, with stone walls on either side. "Die and have done with it"—very well, she would die then, but not as he hoped, and not alone. He must die first—nothing else now mattered except to hurt him, to get even with him, to avenge herself and her own coming death. She longed to torture him slowly; to see his flesh pulled and tortured out of all recognition, as hers had been; to see him grow less human daily, made animal by constant pain. She would inject cancer bacilli into him as he slept; she would poison him with arsenic; would cut him with a tetanus-infected knife. Her disgust and disfigurement were all forgotten: only anger remained, and the urgent necessity of acting quickly, of killing before she herself were killed. "I'm a bloody sight a finer specimen than he, yet he thinks he can kill me, then revile me for dying. He must die first, die at once." David began to speak: "I'm sorry if I was cross and a cad, darling," he began. She interrupted him, smiling now. "Oh, don't mention it—you always are." Now, she should kill him now; he was helpless, in her power. The man next the driver always was killed, wasn't he? And the driver too. No—the steering wheel saved the driver—sometimes. They were at the bottom of the hill, with the stone walls still on either side. Thank God, we didn't fit Triplex. She pulled the wheel hard round to the left, accelerating for all she was worth, one hand keeping the throttle open, the other covering the hand-brake, in case David should seize it as they charged the wall.

Petronella Elphinstone.

PHILOSOPHIES FOR ALL

The Scientific Outlook. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

CONSISTENCY has never been a popular, still less an entertaining, virtue: but even to-day when we not only find the world a "buzzing confusion" but are pleased at our discovery, it is a little surprising that a volume of 300 pages should include between its uneasy covers three contradictory philosophies. Mr. Russell has nothing new to say, but he is a good journalist, and though he may be wantonly stupid, he is never dull. *The Scientific Outlook* is written in a style lucid, vigorous, and pointed that makes an admirable instrument for the lecturer; and if a certain chilliness and impersonality pervades it all, well, an author's style cannot be a form of self-expression when the author is as unsure of himself as is Mr. Russell. For, apart from its interest as a mirror—perhaps a little crooked—of a distorted age, the book is important as a confession, though quite unintentional, of failure on the part of a philosopher who has forsaken philosophy and a scientist who despairs of science. From a reading of it emerge three Mr. Russells, each vociferous, each confident and each continually getting on the nerves of the others—and at the end the reader may toss up to decide which is the real Mr. Russell.

Of this division in apparent unity in the world outside, Mr. Russell is well aware: and he does well to emphasise how near in practice, how far apart and opposed in final purpose and effect, are science as the search for knowledge and science as the pursuit of power. And a certain shrinkage of the intellectual world is characteristic of to-day; not that there is more unity in our knowledge, for there is less, but there is more inter-relation. Philosophy and science, no less than space and time, suffer amalgamation; and to thinkers like Mr. Russell the distance between psychology and morals has been as effectually reduced as that between London and New York. Here is an obvious chance for the clever publicist, but it is a great loss that one who has contributed so much to philosophy in the past should develop so soon the broadcast mind.

For the result is surprising. Mr. Russell the scientist, and Mr. Russell the philosopher, though despising each other for

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a vulgar man of the world and an ineffective dreamer, unite to suppress Mr. Russell the moralist or mystic, with the result that the last, embittered and angry, consoles himself for his conviction of his own futility by attacking any person or institution which attempts to give objective significance to the spiritual values he admires. (It is unfortunate that Mr. Russell seems unable to believe that any member of the professional or middle-class, himself excluded, is capable of disinterested idealism.) Of the three, perhaps, we know best the scientist, and for scientific technique Mr. Russell has a mingled admiration and horror. At times he is ready to go farther than Pavlov himself in his belief in the all supremacy of the science of reflex action, though whether man the automaton, and a deluded creature of his environment, and man the searcher for what elsewhere Mr. Russell calls wisdom are of the same species is obscure. In the same way physics gives the student "a grasp of the world as a whole, a sense of its structure and mechanism," although reality is a fish that escapes the net of Mr. Russell the philosopher. The scientific dogmatism which occurs from time to time goes ill both with the sceptical philosophy and his naïve idealism, and rests finally on the kind of common-sense which, for example, enables the psychologist to regard himself as not subject to his own theories.

As a philosopher, Mr. Russell is a convinced sceptic, perhaps a shade more convinced than a sceptic should be, one of those whom a native distrust in the intelligence of other philosophers and an inability to appreciate any experience alien to his own, rather than any inward necessity, have made a sceptic. "I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness"; and again, "I think the external world may be an illusion, but if it exists, it consists of events, short, small and haphazard. Order, unity and continuity are human inventions." This scepticism is in part philosophic, rooted in a mistrust of induction and a demand that reason should not only provide the criterion, but be itself the material of knowledge; in part scientific, in that it was based on the belief that science and scientific method alone could light the way to final truth, and now they have failed. Yet though to the philosophic eye the world may be like a cinema gone wrong, as seen by a cross-eyed spectator, he protests that this does not affect the practical uses of science and our attempts to impose a little order and a little coherence on the world. Yet just as we doubt whether science itself can still advance, harassed by a conviction of its ignorance (for scientists, though abstract qualities may make them blush, often have an affection for truth), so this division in the soul would make a self-conscious life almost impossible. But Mr. Russell always keeps an "alter ego" for difficult moments, and, with the fervour of the idealists he mocks, he proclaims "Knowledge is in its essence good," though knowledge, its essence, and its goodness are to the philosopher we have left behind us so much smoke in the wind.

This more-than-English capacity for combining contradictions is seen at its best in Mr. Russell the moralist and mystic. He is deeply pessimistic, and refuses to accept the cyrenaicism in action which is the natural counterpart of scepticism in thought. In some ways, with his insistence on the value of the individual soul and the value of its perceptions of beauty and truth—we read of "great principles which make civil war worth while"—Mr. Russell is in the Christian tradition. But because his belief in values—strange counters, which seem denied objective worth!—does not really go far beyond an admiration for snow and sunsets, because his acceptance of them is partial and forever frustrated by doubt, because he is an individualist with a strong suspicion that he is an automaton, and a philosopher with a conviction of philosophy's futility, he can offer no effective resistance to a materialist society, founded and shaped by the scientific love of power. For of these three elements, science, philosophy and religion, whether viewed in the soul of Mr. Russell or in the world which, so he thinks, he accurately reflects, only one is an active and creative force, and that is scientific technique. And so we reach the scientific society, ordered, inhuman, mechanical and comfortable; that synthetic world where nothing is not bottled, the vision of which haunts the evil dreams of the twentieth century. At giving us the creeps, Mr. Russell is perhaps not so successful as Mr. E. M. Forster in *The Machine Stops*; but as an essay in the horrible-fantastic, where satire merges into nightmare, these chapters are good reading. His new society has all the features we expect—no liberty, no risks, no surprises and no human beings. But there must be some motive power to run even a machine; some one must want it to run or want to have it run, and there is little reason, in Mr. Russell's picture, why this should be. Perhaps it would perish from spiritual inanition, more likely in a sudden catastrophe in which we can imagine some later Russell getting an æsthetic "value" from the contemplation of the angry glow over its ashes.

All this is not very probable (and much of Mr. Russell's description is not meant to be serious)—but then neither is the philosophy that has produced it. It is worth consideration, not only because Mr. Russell thinks such a society already threatens us, but because his attitude to life—it is hardly a philosophy—with its contradictions and its bemused frustration of any impulse that might check the materialist state, may well advance it. It needs an exceptionally broad mind to be at once a behaviourist and a believer in the value of the individual, and it is this sort of choice which Mr. Russell will not make. He sees the problem, but will not give the solution. Perhaps the answer lies in a much more commonplace, but deeper, philosophy of human nature and knowledge. Just as the scientific state—what a good example of the scientific power of abstraction!—neglects the elementary stuff of life, death and sorrow, human obstinacy and humour, so now and again Mr. Russell suffers from the intellectual's ignorance of ordinary people. Of attempts to find in science itself a philosophy of life and a justification of religion, as though the nescience of the physicist was the certainty of the theologian, he is justly contemptuous; he does not seem to realise that to talk of values, and to treat them as purely subjective phenomena, is no less idle, and is no more than the beating of hollow gongs to scare a scientific bogy. It is the old delusion that ethics may be separated from religion and philosophy. An effort is needed to realise that the intellect is not quite self-sufficient, that the knowledge of ends is beyond, and is pre-supposed in science, and to frame a philosophy of life based on this realisation; and this he will not make. It is a pity, for not only ought Mr. Russell to know better, but if he has the courage of his convictions, he does.

C. R. Henderson.

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